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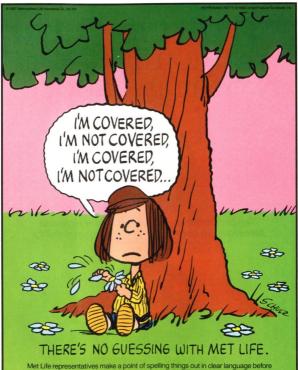
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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

COVER: A passion for urban restoration brings polish and pizazz back downtown

Americans, traditionally enthralled with the shiny and new, have had a monumental change of heart. They have rediscovered the virtues of city centers, many of which, 20 years ago, were left for dead. The result: scores of neighborhoods, hundreds of grand landmarks and thousands of more modest old buildings are being brought joyously back to life. See DESIGN.



NATION: On his third try, Reagan might 16 make a Supreme Court nomination stick

Anthony Kennedy is a case-by-case conservative loath to proclaim any sweeping constitutional doctrine-and that, along with his straight-arrow background, is why he may win Senate confirmation. ▶ Congress's Iran-contra report will scorch the President for failing to uphold the law. ▶ Mentally disturbed Joyce Brown wins the right to remain homeless in New York.



PROFILE: Sir James Goldsmith is not exactly your standard-issue billionaire

For starters, he slipped out of the market before the crash. protecting his fortune. But what really makes Goldsmith different is his love of luxury, coupled with a penchant for lecturing the world on everything from Communism to AIDS. "He's sometimes downright reactionary," says a former associate. "But he is also ferociously anti-Establishment, right, left and center."



32 World

Nicaragua's Ortega storms Capitol Hill with a new cease-fire plan, capping a week of diplomacy orchestrated by House Speaker Jim Wright. > After a groveling mea culpa.

Moscow Party Chief Boris Yeltsin is fired. ▶ Syria's Hafez Assad

rejoins Arab ranks. ► Cory Aquino is losing support as the Philippines slides into chaos.

Economy & Business The trade gap improves, but the budget

summiteers push a deadline. ▶ Layoffs and low morale at Texas Air. ► A PCB mon-up.

Books Playwright Arthur Miller's autobiography evokes conflicts with McCarthy and Monroe. A celebrated French

novel arrives

68

Medicine One type of cholesterol can reduce heart-disease risk, a new study shows. ▶ The FDA approves a controversial anticlotting drug.

100

Cinema In The Last Emperor, Bernardo Bertolucci roams through Beijing's Forbidden City and creates a ravishing, brooding antiepic.

69

Education Headhunters with plenty of bucks and boons are raiding the groves of academe. ▶ Secretary Bennett drops another bomb.

102

Essay Did a few encounters with marijuana really make Douglas Ginsburg unfit for the Supreme Court? We need better tests than that.

9 Letters

12 American Scene 65 People

86 Music 86 Milestones

95 Living 99 Show Business 101 Theater

Cover: Illustration by Jon Ellis

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A Letter from the Publisher

People make news. Henry Luce and Briton Hadden started TIME in 1923 on that theory, and it has animated our pages ever since. The first People section appeared in 1926. An accompanying Personality page flourished in the 1950s. Today our coverage of even the most impersonal trends, ideas and events teems with the people who shape them.

This week we are taking Luce's and Hadden's notion one step further Hadden's notion one step further the magazine is introducing a section called Profile, its seventh new department this decade and the first addition since Ethics appeared last January. Profile will consist of a telling, vivid word portrait of one or another of the world's most anoteworthy people—some of whom will be interesting. Sevent, and of whom will be interesting. Sevent, and whom will be interesting. Seven as the provise the section: "There was a timepervise the section: "There was a time-

pervise the section: "There was a time when this magazine featured \$2 faces on its cover in the course of a year. Now we can go for weeks on end without having an individual, rather than a trend or event, as a subject. Profile will give us an opportunity to return to the kind of close and detailed examination of important people in politics, academia, the arts and other fields for which Tilue is famous."

This week's subject is Sir James Goldsmith, the internation-



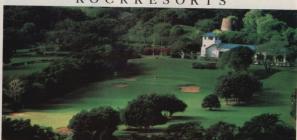
Ungeheuer in Sir James' New York City home

al financier, art collector and company collector who presciently sold most of his stock holdings shortly before last month's market crash. Senior Correspondent Frederick Ungeheuer interviewed Goldsmith at length for the three-page story. The two discovered something they had in common: Frankfurt, Ungeheuer's hometown and the seat of Goldsmith's forebears, a distinguished German banking family. Ungeheuer spent a week traveling with Sir James, watching him conduct business in Paris, New York City and Washington. The two also huddled at Goldsmith's homes in Paris and New York City. The Paris building's ornate interior and art collection reminded Ungeheuer of an earlier age. "It was like stepping back in time, to when the great banking families financed the princes of Europe

Goldsmith's eye for the future fascinated Senior Writer Otto Friedrich, who wrote this week's Profile. Says he: "Goldsmith is an extraordinary gambler who knows when to hold them and when to fold them. He also has a lot of luck. All great generals and politicians have that kind of luck."

Robert L. Miller

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LIGHT-DR

Letters

Stock Shock

To the Editors

Yes, we were playing the stock market for a big profit [THE CRASH, Nov. 2]. Yes, we knew we were taking our chances. A collapse—well, it was bound to happen. Now we must simply take a couple of deep breaths and accept our closses as we would have our earnings.

Anne Wyatt Irving, Texas



The budget deficit didn't lower the boom on Wall Street; the market law of gravity governing overvalued stocks did. Stimulative tax cuts didn't cause persistent deficits; profligate spending by Congress to cover unaffordable political IOUs did. The three surest, safest ways to trim the deficit: cut spending, cut spending and cut spending.

Charles E. Warman

Cincinnati

How much more is the stock-market crash costing us than a new tax to retire

the deficit?

Ernest J. Tauch Jacksonville

Those people who believe the market collapse is President Reagans' fault are mistaken. They are willing to dismiss supply-side conomic theory prematurely, perhaps because congressional leaders were presented to the president configuration of the president line-line, and the stock market reflects this. Until Congress gives the President line-linem veto power, it is to blame for budget failure and the resulting securities—market leaves the supplementation of the president line-linem veto power, it is to blame for budget failure and the resulting securities—market leaves for supplementation of the president line-linem veto power, it is to blame for budget failure and the resulting securities—market leaves for supplementation of the president line-linementation of the president line linementation of the president linementation of th

Decatur, Ala.

Surely the bright employees who are attracted by Wall Street could do more for themselves, as well as for their country, than mindlessly trade billions of dollars via computers each day. Why don't they go out and build something, or make something, or invent something that could help this country?

Albert J. Silverstein New Rochelle, N.Y.

Federal Reserve Chairman Alan Greenspan should not be blamed for the crash, as he is by some critics. The well-documented problems of the budget and trade deficits are the real culprits in the market crash. We need to balance the budget. Nothing should be sacrosanct. Domestic spending on social services should be a safety net, not something people feel is owed them.

Gregory C. Galland Plantation, Fla.

The trade imbalance does make the securities market vulnerable, but it is not solely the result of Americans 'refusing cost on give up imported goods. In many case, consumers have no choice but to buy foreign products, as American-made goods are no longer available. The U.S. has spent years driving American suppliers out of business with high dollar values to the control of the

Lester G. Grotzinger Greensburg, Pa.

We all knew the bust would come. We just thought it would be Reagan's successor who would have to handle it. I'm glad it came during Reagan's Administration, as he is the one responsible for it.

Dorothy George Lincoln, Neb.

Granted, quite a few people got clobbered during the stock-market crash, when billions of shares changed hands under conditions no one fully undercant, however, is that stockholders held on to tens of billions of shares. All that has happened is that the calendar has been turned back sweral months. It is as if the boom in stock prices never occurred, the wouldn't be any economic fallout, there

Lee J. Umstattd Seattle

Word Battle

The state of the language as interpreted by The Random House Dictionary of the English Language: Second Edition, Unabridged [BOOKS, Nov. 2] leaves me in a state of outrage. If a dictionary gives its imprimatur to the grammar of the streets, where is the incentive for people to use correct language?

I hope the commonly used expression "between you and I" will never be accepted. It is incorrect. So is irregardless. It is simply bad grammar to use a plural pronoun with a singular antecedent. May and



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Almost half the white collar workers at our Kalmar plant have worked their way up from blue collar positions building cars.

Which means they under-



OPLE WHO BUILT S MUCH ABOUT IT



stand the art of car building from the ground up. At Volvo, we believe that's

At Volvo, we believe that's an advantage.

Great cars don't get built when a company's management lives in an ivory tower.

What if people actually enjoyed their work?

People who hate coming to work every day do a lousy job.

Conversely, when people find their work challenging and satisfying, the quality of what they produce goes up. The car builders of

Kalmar, Sweden turn out one of the finest automo-

biles in the world today. The Volvo 760.



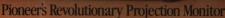
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Letters

can are not interchangeable; nor are imply and infer. Neither does not take or as a partner. And it is poor English to speak to whomever is listening.

If a dictionary does not serve as a guide to proper usage of language, then what does? Perhaps the answer is a supreme court of language, which would be the ultimate authority for that which is acceptable and that which is colloquial, regional or totally unacceptable.

Edwin R. Chyten Chestnut Hill, Mass.

The publication of RHD-I Could doas much harm as the stock-market crash. If reference works continue to sanction use gift and sokeurs meaning, none of us will know what anyone else is saying. It is one works or constructions that convey misun-works or constructions that convey misun-tier or construction of the control of the control of the control of the control of the convey misun-works or construction that convey misun-works or construction that the control of the contr

John W. Guyon Richmond Heights, Ohio

One of the novels in the Nero Wolfe series begins with Wolfe tearing up a copy of the unshridged Webster's Third New International Dictionary, page by page, and burning it because the believed it used miphy and fine's interchangeably. I am inclined to be in sympathy with this somewhat narrow attinced. If urther occurs to what narrow attinced. If urther occurs to what narrow attinude. If urther occurs to the control of the control of the Tower of Babel may have one proper result of the machinations of people like the editors of RHD-II.

Concord, Calif.

New dictionaries tell you what they think you want to hear. We're deciding the fate of our language the way the Robinston of the fate of t

Tallahassee

Limits to Life

The article on Medical Ethicist Daniel Callahan's view that Americans should accept aging and death disturbed me IETHICS, Nov. 21. To read that living to the late 70s or mid-80s is long enough must be vexing to people in their 70s and 80s who have forgotten to watch time going by and don't know what "aging" is all about. We are living in the most marvel-



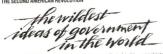
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(A) PIONEER Not Evolutionary, Revolutionary.

THE SECOND AMERICAN REVOLUTION



That's what Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts attributed to his compatriots when other Framers of the U.S. Constitution proposed, in June of 1787, submit ing the new document for ratification to delegates chosen by voters in each state. Gerry was afraid his fellow citizens in Massachusetts and those of other Eastern states would refuse to accept the Constitution.

What that document would propose was so novel and unprecedented that in Gerry's view its best chance of passage lay in a vote by the Confederation of States already existing—an assembly that had been, as Gerry thought, sanc-

tioned by the people themselves.

But offers at the Constitutional Convention that summer in Philadelphialaction and the properties of the Constitution of the

or snotsignieut reglusion immosed y view that a swords points over the Connecticut and Pennsylvanian were then at swords points over the former's attempt to ocioiome procrios of the latter. New York and Pennsylvania were procrios of the latter. New York and pennsylvanian were procrios of the latter. New York and support the procrios of the pennsylvanian of the pennsylvanian superior products reach port. Hamilton warned sternly, in issue No. 7 of The Federalist, that this ort of state behavior—when they acted as "independent sovereignlies consulting a distinct intenst"—would "naturally lead to outrages, and these to represels and wars:

What the Framers were seeking, through the new Constitution, was "A unity of commercial, as well as political, interests..." And in devising this they created among the states something we still enjoy: the first great common

market. That system safe for enterprise is enshrined within the Constitution by a few phrases and clauses celebrated in this series of essays but otherwise infrequently recalled. These safequards were forged in the fery debates attending the genesis of a Constitution so radical that it may truly be called The Second American Revolution.

The commerce clause

This appears in Section 8 of Article One and provides that: "The Congress shall have Power...To regulate Commerce with foreign Nations, and among the several States..."

several outree.

Medison-write that these phrases set up a federal power "which few had been with the partners of the property of the property

tor the positive purposes of the levels a greatment of the positive purposes. In proposing a broad national market free of state interference, the Framer's ensured an environment in which businesses could: (1) compete on an equal footing: (2) gain access to an open, nationwide, and easily accessible market; and (3) be protected from undue burdens and state discrimination as they pushed the free movement of goods and people across state limits.

Invention, manufacturing, agriculture, and commerce flourished as these floods of enterprise coursed through the states thus united And this commercial amily bound the American people together as nothing else might have done, avoiding those controversies rooted in princely power, prejudice, or dogma that had so often beggared the peoples of Europe and Asia.

Our Constitution gave that no modern free-market capitalism—and capitalism has been considered and an expension has been considered and widespread prospertly that have kept our Constitution a beacon of hope for all the earth. It is because the Framer's inseparably wedded our economic and our political bleries in one document that we and our children continue to enjoy both—and can join to celebrate the 20th anniversary of the gift the Framer's left us.

Mobil*

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Letters

ous of all times as far as age is concerned. Taboos are being lifted, and the misery, loneliness and suffering that used to be part and parcel of growing older are being dispelled for the first time. To advocate rationing health resources is criminal.

William K. McClelland Los Angeles

As a 75-year-old pastor with an active, videspread ministry to dozens of senior citizens, I wish to express basis agreement with Callahan's thesis that we should be "creatively and honerably accepting edge and "callahan's thesis that we should be "creatively and honerably accepting edge and "callahan's them are made and the state of the stat

(The Rev.) George C. Kraft Berkeley

While I believe that terminally ill and aging people facing rapidly failing health should be allowed to die if they so choose. I also feel that to deny them medical "life extenders" is cruel and inhuman. Such an act would have to be considered for what it is—socially accepted murder. Who are we to determine what a full life-span is?

Ginzer Farnsvorth

nger Farnswortn St. George, Utah

Titanic's Treasures

As a fellow of the Explorers Club, which endorsed Marine Geologist Robert Ballard's nondestructive examination of the Titanic and his efforts to preserve the site as a memorial, I must join him in condemning the French expedition's decision to continue the French expedition's decision to continue the Continue of the Continue Continue

Tim O. Rockwell Mercersburg, Pa.

The discovery of the Titanic and the meticulous scientific preservation of its artificiate or new highs for archaeology. To leave this magnificent occan liner's historical objects as untouched memorials would condemn them to destruction by the sea. By reclaiming and preserving artifacts, we may keep alive the memory of those brave souls who perished aboard the Titanic in 1912.

Patrick J. Sena

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.



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I am proud to lead this year's Corporate Fund on behalf of the Kennedy Center. The Center needs our support to continue to invite achievement and excellence in the performing arts of this nation. This year's goal of \$2.3 million will help the Center to fulfill this mission.

Just as the Kennedy Center has a purpose for its invitation, so I, too, have a purpose in inviting your participation in the Corporate Fund: to help our national cultural center continue its outstanding work in furthering our nation's proud cultural heritage.

Theodore E. Brophy Chairman, GTE

Please call or write: Jillian Poole, Director of Development The John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts Washington D.C. 20566

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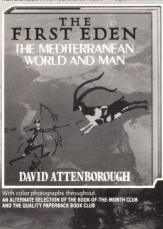
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Once again, David Attenborough gets to the bottom of the subject.

David Attenborough is no armchair naturalist. He goes to the tops of mountains and to the bottom of the sea in pursuit of his latest subject, the Mediterranean world and man, in THE FIRST EDEN—companion volume to his acclaimed new PBS-TV series.

With one marvelous example after another, Attenborough narrates the story of man and nature in the Mediterranean basin, from prehistoric times, through the rise and fall of ancient civilizations, to today's battles against oil spills and chemical pollution. Lavishiy illustrated with none-of-a-kind photographs, THE FIRST EDEN is a masterpiece of natural history and an eloquent plea for conservation of the environment in the place where man's exploitation of the earth leave of the earth leave.



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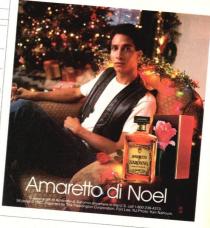
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American Scene

In Kansas: Echoing Hoofbeats

he faces of these old horse soldiers were lined, and stories were written on the lines. Traces were visible of more than a random share of scars and broken noses and of skin reddened by weather and bourbon. Their bodies had stiffened, but hands, forearms and shoulders remembered easy strength. They had aged,

but that surely was not all they had done. What is now called the horse cavalry, to distinguish it from the armored cavalry motorcycles," says Glover. "I rode a big old Indian 45 all the way down to maneuvers in Louisiana, 1,500 miles, and then rode it all the way back." There is a glint in his eyes as he talks.

The highest-ranking officer on hand is James H. Polk, 75, now a horse farmer from El Paso, who retired with four stars after commanding the U.S. Army in Europe from 1967 to '71. His earliest recollections are of horses and Army en-



Aficionados re-create 2nd U.S. Dragoons for troopers of this century

of tanks and jeeps that replaced it, was phased out of the U.S. Army slowly, over a period of years that began in the early '40s and officially ended in 1950. But the end had begun much earlier. General George S. Patton, the most flamboyant cavalryman since Custer, had commanded tanks in World War I. And, of course, 1950 was not really the end. There were too many memories.

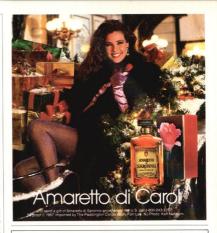
Here at Fort Riley, Kans., where cavalry officers were trained from before Custer's time, the U.S. Horse Cavalry Association was holding its annual meeting. The group admits young members who never sat a horse in anger, and among those on hand was a group of re-enactors wearing uniforms of the 2nd Dragoons in the 1850s. But for a few years more, the core will be soldiers who trained to fight from the saddle. They call one another Trooper, so that former noncoms and onetime generals can feel at ease as they retell old stories, many of them true. Merton Glover, a big, angular man of 69, retired years ago as a platoon sergeant. He trained as a horse soldier, but in 1942 he was transferred to Fort Meade, S. Dak., where the cavalry was experimenting with mechanization. The concept was shaky at first. "Their idea for a while was to have us all run around on campments. He was a small boy, he remembers, living here at Riley, when the bugler blew officers' call at lunchtime one day. His father, a young lieutenant, was on a train two hours later, heading toward Mexico to chase Pancho Villa with General John J. Pershing's 1916 punitive expedition. "He never had time to change clothes, and we didn't see him again for a year." Polk said. "Fortunately, he had on a good pair of britches, and he still had the seat of his pants when the others had ridden theirs out."

For cavalry brats, the years between the wars are seen through a golden haze. Jane Wilson Cooper, daughter of the late Colonel Garnet ("Bill") Wilson, a 40-year cavalryman, recalls a "marvelous sense of security when you heard the bugle call tattoo or the gun was fired for retreat. It was the Depression, but we were never aware of not having money. What I remember is fox hunting at Fort Ogle-thorpe, not being broke." Her voice, these years later, carries enormous pride at being family to an elite corps of warriors.

Young cavalry officers training at Fort Riley in the '30s spent eight hours in the saddle most days, riding punishing cross-country courses, practicing dressage, riding tight figure-eight patterns while emptying their .45 pistols at targets. They were up at 5:30 a.m., often with pounding heads. "We were bachelors, and we did a lot of drinking," says Polk, "but with all the riding, we were healthy." Another old Riley hand, Major General Lawrence ("Bud") Schlanser, arrived at the post as a second lieutenant and married Jill Rodney, daughter of Colonel Dorcey Read Rodney, the commandant, "a little bandy-legged guy, tough as an old boot." Socializing for young married officers and their wives was both formal and innocent-tuxedos or dress blues for the men, 15¢ movies and milk shakes afterward at the PX. "Your sole purpose in life was to develop your equestrian skills," Schlanser recalls, "Yeah, they paid us to ride and stay in shape," says Colonel James Spurrier, president of the U.S. Horse Cavalry Association. He sounds wistful. A first lieutenant's pay was \$125 a month, good money in those days. A pair of English boots cost \$110, Polk remembers, but the shop "would wait six months before sending you a letter saying 'We note that you are slightly overdue . . .' I bought a pair of tank boots in London during the war, and they said, 'Oh, we have your measure, Master Polk.' I guess I looked young." Polk's eyes flick back 45 years, and his face softens with selfamusement. Time passes, sure enough

sk one of these horse soldiers what he was doing on Dec. 7, 1941, and the answer is easy: it was Sunday, so he was playing polo. Polk had a two-goal rating. which is good. Spurrier, a star, had a fivegoal rating when the Army, on Feb. 28, 1943, at last took his cavalry unit's horses away. The two watch indulgently as local enthusiasts play a polo match at Riley "Gopher killing," says Polk, as a player whacks the ground with his mallet, missing the ball entirely. Spurrier, a horseman whose face shows ancestry that is part Osage Indian, gently instructs an observer who has thought polo a game for prosperous fops. Yes, he says, you could call it a risk sport; at least five Army friends died playing the game.

Lieut. Edwin P. Ramsey, stationed in the Philippines in 1941, played the season's first polo match on Dec. 7, and then, because of the time-zone difference, heard news of the Pearl Harbor raid early the next morning. Ramsey these days is a fitlooking 70, and his manner is that of a semiretired businessman, not a cavalry hero. But the fact is that Ramsey, at the battle of Moron on Bataan in the Philippines, led the last cavalry charge in the history of the U.S. Army. He was serving with the crack Philippine Scouts, the 26th Cavalry Regiment, a mounted outfit with U.S. officers and Philippine enlisted men. They were the best troops General Jonathan Wainwright had, says Ramsey, and they helped delay the Japanese advance until the fall of Bataan, buying time for Wainwright and General Douglas Mac-Arthur. The charge came on the morning of Jan. 16, 1942. A Japanese column of about 75 soldiers, the advance guard of a



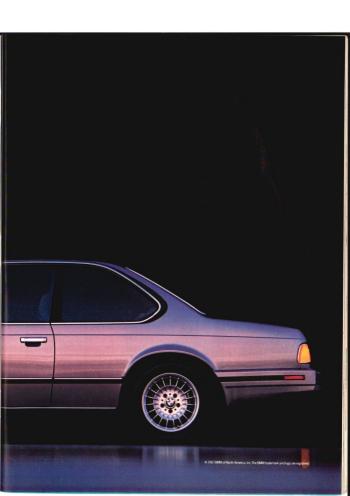


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hat are the values and beliefs that Americans stand for today? We asked Gallup to find out. Gallup talked to 4,244 people, face-to-face, in interviews

Gallup talked to 4,244 people, face-to-face, in interviews that typically lasted 70 minutes, and identified nine values and beliefs that define—and divide—political opinion. Religious faith. 80% of the American electorate say they're conscious of the presence of God.

Social justice. 62% believe government should guarantee every citizen food and shelter.

Militant anti-communism. 56% believe communists are responsible for a lot of the unrest in the U.S. today; 54% think the best way to ensure peace is through military

strength.

American exceptionalism. 68% think the U.S. has a boundless ability to solve its problems.

Alienation. 52% say they have no say about what government does; 73% say elected officials in Washington quickly lose touch with the people.

Financial pressure. 43% say they often don't have enough money to make ends meet. Attitudes toward government. 63% think government is

inefficient and wasteful.

Attitudes toward "big business." 77% think too much power

is concentrated in too few large corporations.

Tolerance/intolerance. 48% think it's all right for blacks and whites to date each other; 50% say books containing dangerous ideas should be banned from public school libraries.

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American Scene

much larger force, had crossed a river, and Ramsey, on orders from Wainwright, charged with a platoon of 28 men. "They were magnificent," Ramsey says. "I gave the order to deploy as foragers-that means in a line-and then gave the order to charge, which they executed instantly. He snaps his fingers. "We broke through their column, inflicted ten to 15 casualties. and then went into dismount action near a little stream. Shortly after, the main body of the troop came into the village dismounted, and we held the position under heavy shelling for about five hours, until we were relieved." Only one trooper in the charging platoon was killed and three were wounded. Afterward, the horses of



Old troopers sport new name tags

the 26th Cavalry were taken away for food, and the regiment fought on foot for the remainder of the defense of Bataan. Following the surrender of Bataan, Ramsey escaped and organized the guerrilla forces in central Luzon. By the war's end he commanded some 40,000 irregulars.

So the stories go, some grand, some merely odd links of a man's life. Jose de Jesus, a trooper (later a lieutenant) with the Philippine Scouts though not a participant in Ramsey's charge, meets one of his old officers, Colonel William Chandler, who helped him back onto his horse during a stretch of fighting when his legs were shaking uncontrollably. Bud Schlanser meets a onetime noncom who found him wandering in a daze after his jeep struck a mine near Trier, Germany. Two days are still gone from Schlanser's memory, but the meeting helps fill the gap. And Spurrier, the great polo player, tells of marching 25 miles in riding boots after his cavalry unit was transmogrified into infantry, then, with rubber legs, trying to ride in a competition and rolling off his horse like a greenhorn. He grunts, "Hmm, hmm," thinking about this, and then comes out with it, the lament of more than one old horse soldier. "Yeah." he says, with what could be a laugh, "I was born 30 years too late." -By John Skow



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Nation

TIME/NOVEMBER 23, 1987

Far More Judicious

In Round 3, Anthony Kennedy offers pragmatic conservatism



eral Edwin Meese, architect of the disastrous Bork and Ginsburg nominations, and Chief of Staff Howard Baker, who had fought all along for a Kennedy-style moderate, made a point of posing together verathed in grins. The President appealed for "cooperation and bipartisantji" in Kennedy's confirmation hearings and piedged to do his part. "The experience of the last several months has made

powers. In a 1983 dissent, Kennedy argued that a court should admit evidence gathered by police under a search warrant that they believed in "good faith" to be properly executed but that was later found invalid. The Supreme Court eventually ruled his way on both subjects.

Kennedy is conservative enough to have written opinions displeasing some feminists, gay-rights activists and civil libertarians. But students of his

career agree that his hallmark is conservatism in a quite different sense: he avoids propounding sweeping doctrines of how to interpret the Constitution. Instead, he often decides cases on the narrowest possible grounds. Says Alex Kozinski, a former Kennedy clerk and now a colleague on the Ninth Circuit bench; "Judge Bork is an academi-

n his third swing at trying to nominate a typing to nominate a supreme Court Justice, Ronald Reagan adopted the strategy followed by many a batter on the verge of striking out: he stopped going for the home run and tried for the political equivalent of a supremental to the supremental political equivalent of a supremental exist powell, the President last week selected the kind of jurist many of his praga-

matic supporters felt he should have chosen at the start. Indeed, he picked the very man they had been urging from the beginning. Anthony Kennedy, a thoroughly experienced appeals-court judge noted both for his mainstream conservative principles and for the open-minded way he applies those principles on a case-by-case basis.

After the bruising battles that led to the rejection of Robert Bork and the unexpected withdrawal of Douglas Ginsburg, few liberals or conservatives were in any mood for another knockdown brawl. And, at least at first glance, one seems unlikely. No one could find anything in either Kennedy's Norman Rockwell personal background or his twelve-year record on the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals in Sacramento that would prevent him from being confirmed as the nation's 104th Supreme Court Justice, and potentially a long-serving one. At 51, Kennedy is young enough to be shaping court decisions well into the 21st century, long after some aging present Justices are gone.

Announcing Kennedy's selection Wednesday, Reagan and his aides put on a show of sweet harmony. Attorney Genall of us a bit wiser," he said. Reminded by reporters of his pledge after Bork's rejection to give the Senate a nominee they would "object to just as much," Reagan shrugged it off as a "facetious remark" made at a partisan gathering.

Kennedy was brief and smooth. Was he "upset" about being Reagan's third choice? "I am delighted with this nomination," he deadpanned, to laughter. Was he concerned about the "intense scrutiny" he would face? Said the judge diplomatically: "I'm looking forward to this scrutiny that the Senate should give any nominee in the discharge of its constitutional duty."

Unlike the hapless Ginsburg, Kenneyoffers an extensive record for the Senators to study; as an appellate judge he
participated in 1,400 decisions and personally wrote more than 400 opinions. Al tosonally wrote more than 400 opinions. Al tothe ruled against the se-valled legislative
veto, a once common practice under
which Congress would grant certain authority to the Executive Branch but reserve to tieself the right to disapprove particular actions exercising that authority
lated the constitutional searnation of



cian. He has an overall theory of the law and the Constitution, and he tries to fit cases into that theory. Tony Kennedy is much more in the mold of Lewis Powell. He is a conservative and an advocate of judicial restraint, but these are simply overall principles. He takes cases one by one."

One striking example of the difference: in separate cases, Bork and Kennedy both ruled that the Navy could dismiss homosexuals from the service, but for very different reasons. Bork took the occasion to attack a long line of Supreme Court decisions reading into the Constitution a right to privacy. Kennedy, in contrast, noted that homosexuality "might be constitutionally protected activity in some other contexts," but not in the Navy, which has a special need to maintain order among men forced into close contact with one another. He added that the regulations requiring discharge of homosexuals, though not unconstitutional given the situation, were nonetheless "harsh" and not necessarily "wise.

In another celebrated case, Kennedy, slowed but din oft stop the movement to require equal pay for women and men performing jobs believed to be of "comparable worth." The background: a study of Washington State's employees found that pay for jobs filled mostly by women averaged 20% is the state when the performance of different jobs requiring supposedly comparable skills that were beld mainly by men. A federal judge held that this constituted illegal see discriminated as the performance of the performa

high as \$1 billion to female workers.

No, said Kennedy, writing for a unan-

court. There was no proof that the gap in pay scales reflected discrimination rather than the play of market forces. Federal civil rights legislation is not "intended to abrogate fundamental economic principles such as the law of supply and demand" and thus "does not obligate (the state) to eliminate an economic inequality

which it did not create." Nonetheless, Kennedy's opinion did not slam the door on comparable worth. He feel open the possibility that in a different set possibility that in a different set of the states—a different set of facts might establish that unequal pay scales did indeed result from discrimination and were thus illegal. Says Winn Newman, an attorney for the union that lost the Washington of the word of the different set of the word of the different set of the

bout a fourth of all Kennedy's opinions concern matters of criminal procedure, and in those cases he has generally taken a law-and-order line. For example, he upheld the death penalty for a Nevada convict, already jailed for murder, who committed another murder in prison. But Kennedy has shown sensitivity to the plight of individuals, something that critics found lacking in Bork. One case arose after police discovered drugs on an immigrant crossing the Mexican border by subjecting the man to a body-cavity search. "I remember him agonizing over that," says Kozinski. The suspect was clearly guilty, but Kennedy "felt he had

been treated way below the standards for a civilized society." So he joined in overturning the conviction.

In First Amendment cases, Kennedy's opinions have pleased the press. In 1978, for example, a plaintiff who had been convicted in an insurance scandal demanded to see film of a show NBC was preparing on the case, arguing that it might inflame public opinion and ieopardize his chances of parole. A lower court ordered NBC to surrender the film, but Kennedy struck down the ruling as being 'aimed toward prepublication censorship." Said the judge: "It is a fundamental principle of the First Amendment that the press may not be required to justify or defend what it prints or says until after the expression has taken place.

Kennedy's case-by-case approach means that it is hard to make sweeping generalizations about how he would rule on the great legal issues facing the Supreme Court: affirmative action, Government involvement with religion, abortion and privacy rights. Says Deputy Solicitor General Donald Ayers, who argued several cases before Kennedy: "I always had the sense that he approaches each case with no predilection about who will be the winners or losers." Kozinski asserts that Kennedy sometimes is open to change even after reaching a preliminary deci sion. When clerks had trouble framing an opinion according to the judge's instructions, says Kozinski, Kennedy would

Introducing two losers and a potential winner: Bork in July; Ginsburg three weeks ago; Anthony Kennedy and family last Wednesday



muse that "if the case wouldn't write that way, maybe the result was wrong.

Former students of Kennedy's at the McGeorge School of Law in Sacramento report that he spent much class time discussing privacy cases. He gave some the impression that, unlike Bork, he does recognize a constitutionally protected right to privacy. But he seemed sympathetic when a student once argued that Roe vs. Wade, the 1973 abortion-right decision, was a political compromise, not solidly based on constitutional principles.

Kennedy has not given any hint whether he would uphold or reverse the decision if given the chance (which is certain to come: Roe was reaffirmed in 1986 by only 5 to 4, with Powell casting the deciding vote). Stanford Law Professor Jack Friedenthal predicts, "He would start with the fact that it has been decided. I strongly suspect he would never have voted for it in the first place, but part of judicial restraint is the question of whether a person is going to reverse a Supreme Court decision that is now part of the fabric of society." Even if it is not reversed, however. Roe could be modified. Like Justice Sandra Day O'Connor, Kennedy could end up as a swing vote, helping to refine the boundaries of the right to abortion, based on changing medical and social circumstances

As might be expected, Kennedy's case-by-case approach stirs neither great enthusiasm nor dead-end opposition in the Senate. Jesse Helms, North Carolina's conservative curmudgeon, once growled, "No way, José," at the prospect of Kennedy's nomination. But last week he allowed that Kennedy might make a "fine" Justice Liberals are mostly being noncommittal, but they will have trouble taking back their comments during the Bork fight, when some identified Kennedy as the type of conservative they could accept. Harvard Law Professor Laurence Tribe, who helped lead the opposition against Bork, describes Kennedy as "decent instead of dogmatic, sensitive instead of strident." Those may not be the qualities of a legal groundbreaker, but they are far from the worst qualifications for judging the most explosive issues in American life, all of which sooner or later wind up before the Supreme Court. —By George J. Church. Reported by David Beckwith and Anne Constable/Washington

The Judge Next Door

t was high noon on Sunday in Edwin Meese's small, elegant office on the fifth floor of the Justice Department. In armchairs that faced one another sat Meese, Howard Baker and a clutch of lieutenants. In their midst was Anthony Kennedy, a potential Supreme Court nominee, who had been flown to Washington on an Air Force jet from Sacramento the evening before, carrying only a small overnight bag. The

interrogation ran through 21 pages of singlespaced questions. Was your wife pregnant when you married? No. Have you ever visited a massage parlor? No. Have you seen other women since you were married? No. Have you ever participated in group sex? No. Have you ever used cocaine? No. Hashish? No. Acid? No. Marijuana? No. Heroin? No. Have you ever bought pornography? Yes. His startled questioners were si-"I bought several hard-core books and magazines for use in my constitutional-law class," Kennedy explained. Everyone laughed After almost four hours, Ken-

nedy had proved what he told his questioners at the outset: "You're going to have a boring afternoon. So delightfully boring, in fact, that they decided not to repeat the process with anyone else. After Kennedy left, said one participant, "everybody looked at each other and said, 'Why go any further

In Anthony McLeod Kennedy, 51, the Administration seems to have found a nominee with no lurking quirky qualities. "When we were growing up, if any of us were going to do something naughty, Tony would go home," recalls Lawver John Hamlyn, a childhood friend who now lives four doors away. Indeed, the beardless and bespectacled Kennedy has a life story

that sounds as if it were directed by Frank Capra. Married in 1963 to Mary Davis, an elementary schoolteacher with whom he has three children, Kennedy has stuck to his roots. He was born and raised in Sacramento, and he lives in the same white colonial house on a curving, tree-shaded street that his lawyer father built half a century ago. He graduated from Stanford University, spent a year at the London School of Economics and earned his law degree from Harvard in

1961. He has remained particularly loyal to Stanford: all three of his children-Justin, 23, Gregory, 21, and Kristin, 19-have attended.

His father was one of Sacramento's most colorful lobbyists, a glad-handing, shoulder-rubbing wheeler-dealer. Upon his father's death in 1963, Kennedy left a lucrative San Francisco practice and returned to Sacramento to straighten out affairs and eventually take over the practice. Though the younger Kennedy kept clients like Schenley liquor distillers and the state's association of op-

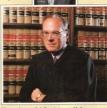
ticians, he mainly provided legal advice and drafted legislation. In testifying before the legislature on constitutional issues, Kennedy came to the attention of California Governor Ronald Reagan and his executive assistant Ed Meese. In 1973 they asked him to write a tax-limitation referendum. Proposition 1, which was a complicated and unsuccessful precursor of the controversial Proposition 13.

Since Gerald Ford appointed him to the Ninth Circuit in 1975, Kennedy has made a habit of lunching two or three times a week with his

clerks, which makes him unusually accessible for a judge of his standing. Moreover, they all seem to like him. For 22 years, he has spent one evening a week teaching at the McGeorge School of Law in Sacramento. A former student, now an A.C.I.U. lobbyist, notes, "I was impressed that he took the time to teach night students. I considered it something of a public service." This past September, to celebrate the Constitution's bicentennial, he walked into class wearing a long coat and powdered wig. Gordon Schaber, the school's dean, cites Kennedy's self-deprecating wit and calls him the "judge next door."

His office is next door too, only about three miles from his house in

Sacramento, where he feels most comfortable, and he has been known to describe the Ninth Circuit's vast San Francisco office as a "baroque, Victorian, neoclassic, Renaissance, modern structure near the Greyhound station." Reagan's new appointee says he is pleased with his nomination. If Kennedy is confirmed, however, it will mean disruption in an orderly life. He'll have to leave Sacramento. - By Amy Wilentz. Reported by David Beckwith and Anne Constable/Washington



The nominee as Cub Scout, top, and judge

Nation

Where the Buck Finally Stops

The Iran-contra committees lay the blame on the President

The President's responsibility is firmly fixed in the Constitution: "He shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed." In a stinging 450-page report certain to trigger heated controversy, a majority of the congressional Iran-contra committees this week will charge that Ronald Reagan failed to fulfill that solemn obligation. Says Warren Rudman. the feisty New Hampshire Senator who was one of three Republicans to join the 18-member majority: "The report deals with the responsibilities of the presidency, and I think it's fair.

During the hearings on the sordid Iranian and contra deals this summer, members of the committees were able to work together in unusual bipartisan harmony. But reaching a consensus on their final report was more difficult: all six Republican House members and two of the five Republican Senators refused to sign the majority report because they thought it too tough on Reagan and his men. They will instead issue a 150-page dissent

The majority report deals with Reagan far more harshly than the Tower commission did last February; it blamed Reagan's lax "management style" for the scandals. The congressional report concludes that Reagan probably knew more than he has admitted about the arms sales and contra-funding efforts; if not, he is to be equally faulted. Without flatly rejecting Reagan's repeated assertions that he knew nothing of the diversion of Iranian profits to the contras, the majority report says that issue is unresolved. Thus it indirectly questions the credibility of former National Security Adviser John Poindexter, who swore that he approved the diversion and intentionally did not inform the President

The report does not cite specific ways in which Reagan failed to uphold the law. But it raps him for allowing the National Security Council rather than the CIA to conduct covert operations and then failing to monitor the activity closely to see

that it was kept within the boundaries of the law. NSC staff members were "out of control," the report says, with Oliver North and Poindexter "privatizing" foreign policy and allowing retired Air Force Major General Richard Secord and his business partner, Albert Hakim, to handle American negotiations with Iran and control huge sums of money from the transactions

The original purpose of the Iran deals, the report says, was to trade arms for hostages. But the arms flow continued even though Iran did not release the American hostages. Why? The committee concludes that North and others came to believe the hefty arms-sale profits could serve as an ongoing source of funding for the contras. Although earlier drafts of the majority report accused the Administration of a

cover-up, that term is not included in the final version. However, the report details the bumbled investigation by Attorney General Edwin Meese, which allowed North and his secretary, Fawn Hall, time to destroy documents. It criticizes efforts by North, Robert McFarlane and others to falsify testimony that former CIA Director William Casey was to deliver to Conwhat he believes was the true intent of the arms deals: to seek better relations with Iran. The majority report, in fact, cites various pieces of evidence to refute this theory, most notably Reagan's original 1985 "finding" (it was destroyed by Poindexter, but a copy was retained in CIA files) that describes a clear arms-for-hostages rationale for dealing with Iran

Cohen concedes that in the weeks of hauling and tugging by the two committees' 26 members, much that was political got into the report. "Some House Democrats tried to put everything in the worst possible light," He told them, "You can make a point without pulverizing it." After dozens of drafts and revisions, a compromise was reached that was able to at-



gress. Says a staffer: "Even if it doesn't say 'cover-up,' the majority report makes clear that people were trying to keep other people from knowing what had been going on." The report does note that the White House cooperated with the congressional investigation, but seven House Democrats plan to issue a separate addendum saying they disagree with this assertion.

The three Senate Republicans who

The majority report deals with Ronald Reagan far more harshly than the Tower commission did last February.

signed the majority report are Rudman, Maine's coolly independent William Cohen and Virginia's Paul Trible, whose unrelenting pursuit of the arms-money trail surprised Administration lovalists. But other Republicans felt the final product was, in Utah Senator Orrin Hatch's words, "too political," Claims Henry Hyde, the fiercely partisan Illinois Congressman: "The majority report is polemical in the extreme. It is impossible to sign." He argues that the report ignores tract the three Republican Senators. Cohen credits the committee with having traced the arms-sales money, something neither the Tower commission nor the Senate intelligence committee was able to do. He notes that the committee discovered the "off-the-shelf" covert operations directed by North and revealed the extent of Administration efforts to fund the contras after Congress had refused further aid.

The committees could not answer all questions about the Iran-contra affair. Testimony of different witnesses is contradictory. Documents were de-

stroyed. Former CIA Director Casey died before he could be interrogated. Poindexter used variations of "I cannot recall" 184 times during his five days of testimony. Israeli witnesses were prohibited by their government from testifying. Nevertheless, the committees' majority report is clear on the most central point: the President's protestations of ignorance do not absolve him from responsibility for what went on at his behest and in his name By Hays Gorey/Washington

Putting the Presidency Back to Work

or six years Ronald Reagan was a President the country could respect for his calm, his bearing and indeed for the very success of his tenure. Reagan represented something the nation had not really seen since John Kennedy: a personally popular President who was leading the country. At last, it seemed, a President was going to serve two successful terms in office.

But the Iran-contra mess, the stock-market crash and the inability to pick a Supreme Court nominee capable of being confirmed by the Senate have threatened to add Ronald Reagan to the list of 20th century presidential failures. Reagan's earlier successes restored national confidence in the presidency. A reversal now would reduce the standing of America's institutions, at home and abroad, at a time when the country can least afford it. Is it too late for Reagan to salvage his place in history? Not necessarily

The Reagan ship of state righted itself a bit last week by picking a Supreme Court nominee who appears to be neither politically extreme nor personally objectionable. The pros-

pect of a deficit-reduction compromise, though getting little help from the President, looks mildly promising for the Reagan record. The coming summit meeting with Mikhail Gorbachev and the achievement of an arms-control agreement will help restore Reagan's stature. However, much more must-and can-be accomplished.

Working in Reagan's favor is the broad consensus that exists on the most urgent economic remedies. Political professionals cannot understand why Reagan has not put his best skill to use and gone to the airwaves, outlining the future, soothing sense of purpose and di-

rection to ease the economic angst that is rattling the world economy. Says Jody Powell, who served as Jimmy Carter's press secretary: "Reagan's legacy will be judged by what happens to the economy. That ought to be his absolute No. 1 priority.

One can easily imagine the rhetoric: "My fellow Americans, we have been through some unsettling moments re cently. While the country is sound and the foundations of economic prosperity and stability are solid, we have some pressing problems that must be addressed with new energy and resolve and without partisan acrimony and without regard for personal political advantage." Instead, Reagan has shouted fragmented and unwise slogans. Advises New York City Financier Felix Rohatyn: "He must not try to run after the markets; he must get ahead of them with credible, long-

This is easier said than done, especially because Reagan's economic attitudes are part of a larger ideological problem that has plagued him from the start. By every measure, the nation, while embracing Reagan himself, has never fully endorsed his brand of conservatism. It has liked him best when he adapted his views to the political mainstream.

Reagan has to remember that neither he nor his party controls the Congress. "To get anything done," observes University of California Political Scientist Nelson Polsby, "he must deal with people with whom he is in disagreement. The smartest way to proceed is to behave cooperatively toward Congress." Stuart Spencer, a former Reagan adviser, would counsel the President to pick his battles with the Congress carefully, recognizing that as a lame duck he has precious little political capital to spend. "If he goes to the mat on every issue, he is going to have more problems," Spencer says. Congressman Richard Cheney of Wyoming warns against any grandiose attempt to recapture the past glory of Reaganism. Says he: "In the old age of an Administration, you should lie back and enjoy it.

Some observers are suggesting that the Administration needs a staff shake-up. The financial community especially misses Paul Volcker, who resigned last June as chairman of the Federal Reserve Board. But most feel that personnel changes would simply generate more uncertainty. They

cite Jimmy Carter's mass Cabinet firing as proof that housecleaning usual-ly does not work. "What we need now is stability." says Cheney.

While James Baker was a better White House chief of staff than he is a Treasury Secretary, removing him would cre-

ate a furor that neither the White House nor the financial markets need "It's not people they have to get rid of," says former Commerce Secretary Peter Peterson, "but phobias and attitudes." Says Jerry Jasinowski, chief economist of the National Assoand Alan Greenspan

ciation of Manufacturers: "It would be a serious error to undermine Baker Nonetheless, Reagan should be more careful in deciding which advisers he heeds. By following James Baker's counsel during the first term, the President navigated a successful course to reelection. But with Baker at the Treasury, first Don Regan and then Howard Baker have been unable to get the Pres-

ident's ear The vacuum has been filled by Attorney General Edwin Meese, whose advice has nearly always led to disaster. Even David Broder, the Washington Post's normally temperate columnist, last week joined the growing cry for Meese's firing. The likelihood that Reagan will heed that recommendation is virtually nil: Meese is the last of his California cronies left in the Administration. Still, the two Bakers, Secretary of State George Shultz and Defense Secretary-designate Frank Carlucci are all people of sound judgment to whom the President should listen.

At this stage, the odds are not high that Reagan will change his habits enough to ensure success. But it will be a bitter irony if the man who did so much to restore leadership to the Oval Office in the end fails to provide it when it is most By John F. Stacks. needed Reported by Laurence I. Barrett/Washington, with other bureaus



the markets, sharing a Meese and his boss last week: the cries for a firing go unheeded

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The Presidency

Hugh Sidev

Coping with Washington

very President sooner or later has to cut a deal with that thing we call Washing-E ton, or else he will be scorned, humiliated or simply brushed aside. Most of them hate it. The wise ones finally accept it.

The Washington Establishment, or that collection of people "inside the Beltway," is the big, raw nerve end of the U.S. And it has been so for almost 200 years. Curse it, attack it, defy it indefinitely, and a President almost always ends up diminished Ronald Reagan these days seems to be inviting calamity, whether through his

obsessive reluctance to raise revenues to reduce the deficit or his impulse to shove Supreme Court choices down the Senate's open throat. So far he has saved himself in the eleventh hour, but his anger lurks menacingly beneath the surface.

Washington at some point has been all of the evils he describes. But Wash-

ington is something more: it is history stretching back two centuries, an accumulation of the experience of politicians, lobbyists, journalists, tycoons, labor skates, hustlers, social climbers, clergy, judges, tourists, professors, bureaucrats and any number of crooks. white collar and otherwise. In short, it has served as America come to the front office to complain. Washington is bigger, lustier and louder than ever, and it is still the final point of impact on the presidency.

No President gets anything near what he wants from Washington, nor should he, and he often risks losing those achievements on the books if he doesn't deal pragmatically with the city

"Smart ones understand," says the venerable Clark Clifford, 80, who has seen as much of the power game as anyone. Harry Truman, for whom Clifford worked in the White House, at first fought the forces around him; he severely embarrassed himself and the country before he understood he wasn't the only authority on the avenue. Clifford thinks that insofar as Reagan is concerned, it is too late.

"President Reagan has become almost irrelevant. Powerful forces are moving ahead without him. In the economic field, he will be unable to recover. Our main



The American people want their President to be God. But a President can't be. The contentious mass in Washington's center is part of Government, and even Presidents cannot reign as its supreme and unyielding ruler.

Reagan's considerable good works are in jeopardy these days because he is so reluctant to deal. True, conciliation too soon and too eagerly invites contempt, as happened with Jimmy Carter. But if it comes too late it invites oblivion. That is what threatens Ronald Reagan

"Workable wisdom is the distillation of many different viewpoints which have clashed heatedly and directly," wrote the sagacious George Reedy some years ago in The Twilight of the Presidency. "The concept that there are policies and programs which are immutably correct has been one of the most troublesome in the history of human government."



Johnson in 1968: cutting one last deal

No Entry

The embassy spy case fizzles

he KGB was here!" When that cry, or versions of it, echoed through the U.S. embassy in Moscow last March, horrified security officials reacted swiftly. Certain that two Marine guards had let Soviet agents prowl through the building and plant listening devices, authorities closed the electronically shielded meeting-room "bubble," tore out cryptographic and other communications gear and sent messages to Washington by courier through Frankfurt. Those steps, as well as a global investigation of the Marine guard force, have cost U.S. taxpayers more than \$100 million. But last week one senior Marine officer concluded that the alleged penetration of the embassy "just didn't happen at all."

The turnaround was based on several weeks of intensive interrogation of Marine Sergeant Clayton Lonetree, who was convicted of espionage in August. A military jury found that Lonetree disclosed the names of CIA agents in Moscow after being seduced by a woman working for both the embassy and the KGB. Yet Lonetree vigorously denied having allowed spies into the embassy, and agents of the Naval Investigative Service had no strong evidence to the contrary. Their claims were based on a detailed statement by Corporal Arnold Bracy that he and Lonetree allowed the KGB to enter when the two worked the same guard shifts. Bracy recanted immediately, saying the NIS investigators had coerced him into signing the statement, and he was never prosecuted

In September, Lonetree agreed to cooperate with investigators in exchange for the possibility of a five-year reduction of his 30-year sentence. The Navy expected him finally to admit to the embassy spying. Instead, Lonetree's interrogation, which included poly-

graph tests, has convinced top-ranking officials that he has been telling the truth in denying that he let Soviets into the embassy. Said one investigator: "We can't shake his story."

The shrinking spy scandal baffled one high White House official. who asked in frustration. "What's up here?" Sighed Maine's William Lonetree Cohen, ranking Republi-

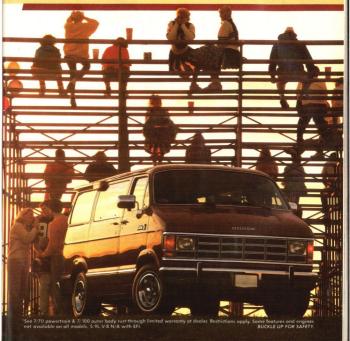
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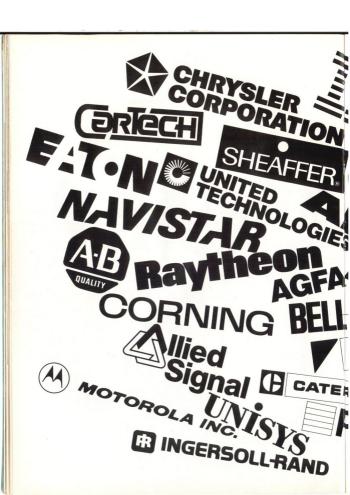
tee: "We may just never know for sure." If Lonetree is telling the truth, then Bracy's original confession may indeed have been coerced. If so, someone ought to be investigating the investigators. The entire probe will be reviewed by Rear Admiral John Gordon, who only last September was appointed chief of the Naval Security and Investigative Command.

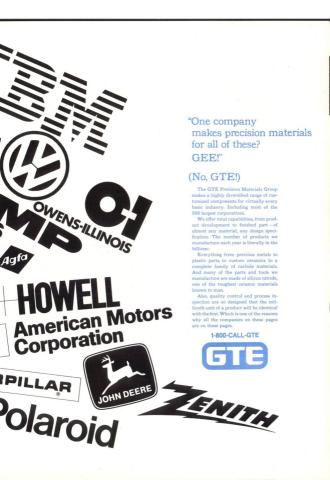
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"I Can't Take Another Day"

F or Bruce Babbitt, a gnawing personal matter keeps reminding him how tough it is to run for President. It arose this time in Bloomfield, Iowa, over coffee and sweet rolls "What about elderly health care?" a woman asked. Babbitt's mind rushed to thoughts about his father, who lies seriously ill in Flagstaff, Ariz. "He's 89 years old," Babbitt softly tells her, "and he doesn't have a lot of time left." Though Babbitt often returns to sit by his father's side, each departure rekindles the personal pangs. "It's a very poignant time in my life," he says. "It keeps me human.

The loneliness of a longshot runner involves a constant struggle to retain a sense of humanity. Day after day town after town, Babbitt trudges on in an electoral blur, answering endless questions and shaking an uncountable number of hands. One recent night in New York City, his wife Hattie arrived and crept into bed while he was asleep. He awoke before dawn to catch a plane to Pittsburgh. All they shared was a tap on the shoulder. "Some mornings," Babbitt concan't take another day of this." So why does he? With his campaign running near empty, long on crisp ideas but woefully short of money and notice, he finds himself fueled by that blend of humor, optimism and two young sons. In Des Moines, Babbitt bypasses the Savery Hotel, the venerable political hot spot.

and stays instead in the spartan Kirkwood, with its scuffed furniture and worn carpets. No luxury suites here. One night, when Hattie Babbitt settled

vise of fund raising: meager missions over the phone to his 1 popular support cuts donations to a trickle. These hard times call for unconventional tactics. Staffers are not above recvcling empty soda cans and newspapers to pay for pens and pads at the Phoenix headquarters, tucked away in a shopping mall. Frequent-flyer miles are redeemed with gusto.

As the pauper of 1988, Babbitt has little to lose, so he can risk everything. He is betting that his brutal honesty about cutting the federal deficit-by raising taxes and slashing middle-class entitlementswill garner attention. It is the only strategy he can afford.

As Babbitt's van races through Iowa under a steely sky, he gazes out the window and sighs. For a moment there is a lingering wistfulness, a remote sadness, for all the missed meals and family separations. But no one is forcing him to continue. In the end. there is only one reason why he made the painful decision to miss for the first time going trick-or-treating with his sons. There was the distant hope, still visible to him on the Iowa horizon that he would have to miss Halloween only one more time-next year, as he heads





Hattle and Bruce Babbitt in Des Moines: sharing a tap on the shoulder

righteousness peculiar to dark- | into bed at the Kirkwood, she horse crusaders. It helps him endure those indignities that now come with a campaign, such as confessing that he had used marijuana. It helps him endure the awkward difficulty cedes, "you wake up and say, 'I of having to explain such ad-

asked her husband, "Do I smell mildew?" But the odor was not the hotel linens. She laughed. "It was his T shirt." With the failure of his campaign to catch fire, Babbitt

Planning a Secret-Poll Scam

F or Richard Gephardt, the Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner in Des Moines was a fine forum to show his strength. His campaign had invested heavily in Iowa, hoping that next February's caucuses would catapult him ahead of the pack, but recently he was passed in the polls there by Paul Simon and Michael Dukakis. So his well-honed organization planned to pack the hall and win a straw ballot at the Nov. 7 dinner, just as Jimmy Carter's supporters did twelve years ago. The problem: the Democratic Party has banned all such contests.

To get around the rule, officials in Gephardt's Iowa organization secretly enlisted a small-town newspaper publisher to serve as a front man and paid local residents \$20 an hour in cash to distribute and collect the ballots. Keith Dinsmore, Gephardt's Iowa communications director, cut the deal with Ken Robinson. publisher of the tiny (circ. 1.500) Bayard News. At a late-afternoon dress rehearsal at the Starlite Village hotel, adjacent to the auditorium. Robinson sat quietly while Dinsmore instructed Drake University students and a handful of other paid recruits on how to poll the 8,000 Democrats expected for the

On the night of the dinner, Genhardt's local organizers seemed well positioned to win: they filled the auditorium with hundreds of red-capped supporters to counter reports of a stalled campaign. Gephardt admitted that he "would like to have a straw poll." Meanwhile his campaign's hirelings. remains trapped in the vicious posing as agents of the newspaper, handed out scores of buff-colored ballots to arriving Democrats.

That's when state party officials stepped in and ordered the police to disperse the unau-



Gephardt at the lowa dinner

thorized pollsters. Later a disappointed Dinsmore buttonholed a top Gephardt official inside the auditorium. "Our poll had to be aborted," he reported excitedly

Last week the campaign denied any connection with the hapless caper. Gephardt Spokesman Don Foley said Dinsmore was an independent consultant, not a full-time campaign official. "Dinsmore was doing this on his own," insisted Foley. As for Dinsmore's \$1,200-a-month stipend in September and October and a lofty title engraved on business cards, Foley replied, "We're going to take his business cards back " Gephardt has personally

adopted a more sensible tactic. He has begun using a ringing new stump speech with a nofudging defense of his tough trade policies, and he has been attacking Simon and Dukakis directly on economic issues. Not only is it a more substantive way to revitalize his campaign, but it might prove more effective than his organization's botched poll scam. -By Michael Duffy/Des Moines

TIME, NOVEMBER 23, 1987

The Drug War Bogs Down

A year after the uproar over cocaine, the crisis has grown worse

t is lunchtime in New York City's Chel-sea district, and Barry, a young drug dealer, is out on the streets hawking his wares. Business is good. "You want a splash?" he asks a customer, referring to a slim fold of waxed paper containing \$20 worth of cocaine. Although he was arrested twice last winter, Barry was sprung both times within 24 hours. The first bust cost him a \$400 fine, the second was dismissed on a technicality, "When the crack thing was in all the papers, the heat was pretty bad," Barry recalls. "The cops were coming around, sealing the street, searching people up against walls. But that didn't last. They only do it for so long. and then they leave you alone. Maybe they've given up.' Remember the drug crisis? Only a

year ago everyone was obsessed with crack, the extremely addictive, smokable cocaine. A scant 18 months have passed since the shocking coke-related deaths of Athletes Len Bias and Don Rogers. In the wake of the stock-market crash and tensions in the Persian Gulf, it is hard to believe that in September 1986 some opinion polls showed drug abuse topping economic woes and the threat of war as America's No. 1 national concern

Politicians were quick to respond to the electorate's anxiety. Ronald and Nancy Reagan gave a national television address supporting the antidrug cru-

sade. Congress hastily drafted the Anti-Drug Abuse Act of 1986, appropriating \$1.7 billion for law enforcement, drug treatment and education. In a critical election season, both houses of Congress eagerly passed the legislation, with only 18 lawmakers opposing it.

A year later, the drug war is being lost in the trenches. While arrests have surged, more cocaine is being smuggled into the U.S. than ever before, and the demand for coke has never been higher. Drugabuse treatment centers around the nation remain overcrowded and underfinanced. Prospects are dim for renewed funding at last year's high level for enforcement, education and treatment

Americans consumed 72 metric tons of coke in 1985, more than double the 1982 estimate. Moreover, because of depressed prices, competing dealers are selling cocaine in increasingly stronger doses. While street coke in 1983 was about 35% pure, today it has a purity of almost 65%. Trying to stanch the flow of narcotics into the U.S. has become a Sisyphean task. U.S. agencies seized a record 33.4 metric tons of coke and made an unprecedented 20,000 arrests in fiscal year 1987. With money from the 1986 drug bill, federal agencies have hired thousands of new investigators and contracted for improved interdiction hardware. The first of as many as seven radar balloons along the U.S.-Mexico border went into service this month over Fort Huachuca, Ariz

Yet the more authorities interdict cocaine, the more it seems to get smuggled into the country, "If we want to talk about slowing down the flow of cocaine into the U.S., we should think more in terms of demand reduction," says DEA Chief John Lawn. "If the cartel in Colombia is shut down, other cartels in other source countries will merely pick up the customers.'

The drug war has been no less vexing for big-city narcotics officers. Take Los Angeles, a city that has become a promi-

nent cocaine pipeline in the past several years. In 1984 the police department seized 758 lbs. of coke. This year the department estimates it will take in a whopping 15,000 lbs. While Los Angeles has been promised \$1.4 million from Washington, it has yet to receive very much of it. City officials blame the delay on the Federal Government's tangled distribution apparatus. "If it's left to the discretion of the bureaucratic process," says Michael Thompson, deputy director of the mayor's criminal justice planning office. "the money is going to go fluttering off to the four winds.

Red tape has also held up much of the \$363 million Congress allotted for state drug-education and -treatment programs. The cocaine boom is producing a flood of drug casualties that has swamped urban rehabilitation centers; overcrowding has forced many centers to turn away all but the most severely addicted. Between 1981 and the passage of last year's antidrug legislation, the Reagan Administration slashed funds for narcotics treatment by 40%. Now the treatment centers fear that once they receive what is left of the 1986 bonanza, funds from Washington will dry up. "President Reagan had to know it was only a one-time thing, and he should have said so," says Bob Garner, chairman of the California Association of County Drug Program Administrators, "You

can't start treatment projects that way. You've got to have a second year.'

The hopes of the antidrug crusaders may have crashed with the stock market. Congress balked at the President's proposal calling for no new funds for law enforcement or drug treatment in the fiscal 1988 budget. The Senate decided to authorize \$171 million for treatment, and both houses called for up to \$250 million for education and \$75 million for enforcement. But with the deficit in desperate need of trimming, those funds are suddenly vulnerable. "That money is surely needed if we're going to have a war on drugs," says Los Angeles Deputy Police Chief Glenn Levant, head of the city's narcotics unit. "If they take it away, there won't be a war.' -By Jacob V. Lamar Jr. Reported by Elaine Shannon/Washington and James Willwerth/Los Angeles



Seeking help: a therapy session in New York City More money for treatment is vulnerable.

Nation

Down and Out—but Determined

Does a mentally disturbed woman have the right to be homeless?

gove Brown, a 40-year-old former steer on a Manhattan sidewalk. Crouched over a na Manhattan sidewalk. Crouched over a hot-air vent, she fended off winter sleet. Panhandling, she dined for \$7 a day on juice, a quart of milk, a pint of ice grean and a chicken cuttle from the corner delicatessen. She relieved herself in the gutter, huddled beneath a untered coat. Craduction of the control of the control of the vanta. "Some popule are store what she wants." Some popule are store what she she says. "That's the life they choose to lead."

But when New York City Mayor Edward Koch ordered social workers to begin rounding up the homeless mentally ill last month, Brown was the first person picked up and forcibly committed to Bellevue Hospital. The diagnosis: paranoid schizophrenia. Brown, represented by the New York Civil Liberties Union, contested her "incarceration. Last week she won the first round in what promises to be a landmark court battle over the rights of the homeless, many of whom suffer from psychiatric disorders.

Other communities are watching closely. "How do we answer the old question 'Am I my brother's keeper'?" asked Randolph Arndt, a spokesman for the National League of Cities. "As a nation, we believe in caring, but we also believe that individual rights deserve protection." In New York 25 neople have been committed so far, but many more may be affected. Like Brown, thousands choose to live on the street rather than in crowded. dangerous city shelters. Often they are victims of deinstitutionalization, the policy under which states over the past 20 years have emptied mental hospitals of their less severely handicapped patients. However, adequate community facilities have yet to be built

It was no accident that Brown became a test case. Under pressure to deal with derelicts who freeze in the shadows of

Manhattan's luxury skyscrapers, Koch met Brown last spring on a tour with other city officials. When he was told that she could not legally be committed unless she was in imminent danger, the mayor replied, "You're loony yourself." He went on to make Brown a cause celebre in speeches and interviews.

speeches and interviews.
According to city workers, Brown was
"dirty and incoherent." She screamed.
She cursed. She tore up paper money and
burned it. She defecated in her clothes.
When a psychiatrist offered her a bag

lunch, she threw it back. "Billie Boggs," she called herself, after a local television personality. She coed over babies and hurled abuse at black men. Sometimes she sang. A favorite: How Much Is That Doggie in the Window?

But when Brown appeared before Judge Robert Lippmann five days after her commitment to Bellevue, she was calm and articulate. The nearest public toilet was at Grand Central Terminal, too far to walk, she explained. She tore up money when she had enough for the day because it was dan-



Joyce Brown's day in court, top; questioning a homeless woman Under the Constitution, beggars can be choosers.

gerous to carry cash at night. Yet dogooders persisted. "I've heard people say. 'Take it, it will make me feel good,' or 'I'm only trying to help you,' " Brown complained. "Is it my job to make them feel good?"

Brown learned to recognize the city workers, who several times took her in handcuffs to a hospital, only to be told by psychiatrists that she could not be committed against her will. Their insistence enraged her. She tossed back their food and yelled at them. She adopted aliases to

hide from her sisters, who wanted her institutionalized. As for life on the street, she told the judge, "You have to be experienced. I'm a professional." In picking a fight with Brown, the city

chose an unisual case. The daughter of New Jersey factory workers, Brown grew up in a loving family, according to a sister who asked not to be identified. Their father was ordained as a Methodist minister. "We were raised to have middle-class values," the sister said. "The judge and the civil ilberties lawyers say that the Illie-style is O.K. Given what Joyce once was, and the sister of the control of the co

Brown graduated from high school and worked for ten years as a security at the human rights commission in Elizabeth, N.J. Never married, she lived at home until her mother's death in 1979. She was a drug user and in 1983 lost her job because of poor attendance believed off and on with her sisters but fought with them, and was kicked out of a Newark shelter because of disruptive behavior.

Four city psychiatrists testified that Brown was crazy. Three psychiatrists, hired by Brown's attorneys, found her sane, albeit eccentric. Throwing up his hands at the experts, Judge Lippmann quoted the Roman poet Juvenal: Bitter poverty has no harder pang than that it makes men ridiculous." He found Brown to be "educated, intelligent." In court "she displayed a sense of humor. pride, a fierce independence of spirit." Neither suicidal nor malnourished, Brown can meet her own essential needs. Street life may be an "offense to aesthetic senses," the judge declared, but "freedom, constitutionally guaranteed, is the right of all, no less of those who are mentally ill . . . beggars can be choosers.

The city is contesting Lippmann's ruling, and until an appeals court takes up the matter next week. Brown remains a Bellevue. Koch is bitter. 'God forbid this woman will go back on the street,' he said. If anything happens to Brown, he warns, 'the of that woman is on the intest's

gerous to carry cash at night. Yet dogooders persisted. "I've heard people say." blood of that woman is on the judge's head."

Whatever the outcome of the case, hospitalization is unlikely to help many of the homeless. New York faces a dire shortage of beds for the mentally ill. A larger problem, says Robert Hayes, counsel to the National Coalition for the Homeless, is that "when patients lucky nough to get beds leave, they have no place to go." No place, that is, except the street. — By Marget Phomblower.



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American Notes



The military: Ledoux with his \$8.70 invention



Memorials: a somber visitor reads a name on Washington's wall of heroes

WASHINGTON

The Summit Is Out of Bounds

As a locus for world diplomacy, George Washington University's Smith Athletic Center hardly rivals Versaillee's Hall of Mirrors. But when White House aides socuted buildings in Washington large enough to house the 5,000 reporters, photographers, anchors and technicians covering next month's Reagan-Gorbachev summit, almost all were booked. That left the center and its gym.

However, when University President Lloyd Elliott was asked to displace his jump shooters for journalists, he refused: it would mean disrupting the season's first game and inconveniencing students using weight rooms and other facilities. Snapped a White House official: "Gimme a break!"

ILLINOIS

Homicide on The Highway

Like the skateboard and Hula-Hoop, California's fads inevitably migrate eastward. The latest, freeway shootings, appears to have faded on the West Coast but is all the rage in southern Illinois and is spreading to eastern Missouri.

A recent rash of seemingly random events has left one person dead and one wounded. Outside Collinsville, Ill., shotgun fire struck a man in the chest and arm as he drove down Interstate 55. Fifteen minutes later and ten miles away, another driver was shot in the head and killed. Across the state line in St. Louis County, Mo., last week, two people reported being fired upon by other drivers. In separate cases. Illinois police arrested several people who terrorized drivers with toy guns. Said State Police Sergeant Dave Jung: "Our troopers carry real guns, and we're not going to tolerate this anymore." In California numerous police patrols at rush hour choked off last summer's highway fusillade. The Los Angeles County sheriff's department estimates that 43 shooting incidents have occurred since last June.

THE MILITARY

John Ledoux's Better Idea

Maintenance Technician John Ledoux of the Army National Guard in Vermont could not the help noticing how difficult it was to test the infrared nightlight lights on Army helicoters. Wearing unwieldy gogglesthat cost \$4,500 a pair, estimated from the production of the production of the grounded choppers to check their lights. There had to be a better way.

Three weeks later Ledoux had found it. With parts picked up at a local Radio Shack store, the first-time inventor developed an infrared tester the size of a cigarette pack that could easily be held near the lights. And the price was right: just \$8.70 to buy a phototransistor, light-emitting diode, switch, casing and nine-volt battery. Ledoux sent the plans to Army officials, who asked to sample the actual device. The gadget proved popular with other test crews, and the Army estimates that its use will save an average of \$6.3 million a year. Ledoux stands to gain \$35,000 in incentive money.

MEMORIALS

The Wall's Mistaken Men

Since its opening in 1982. Washington's Viet Nam Veterrans Memorial has served as a stark scroll of remembrance, recording the names of \$8,156 who died in that divisive war. Last week, as the U.S. honored its heroes on Veterans' Day, it was revealed that three men listed on the monument are still alive.

According to a Pentagon spokesman, Army Privates Robert Bedker and Willard Craig were incorrectly listed as killed in action through datacoding errors. A third man, Darrall Lausch of Baroda, Mich., spotted his name on a list of the dead in a local newspaper. Lausch and Craig are both recorded as killed in action on Nov. 19, 1966, the date they were wounded, and appear two lines apart on the memorial. The names, which are etched in black granite, cannot be removed without damaging the structure.

MARYLAND

A New Verdict For Mandel

Although he succeeded the redoubtable Spiro Agnew as Governor, Marvin Mandel achieved notoriety of his own in the annals of Maryland corruption. Ten years ago he was stripped of his office after his conviction on charges of mail fraud, which involved taking \$380,000 in bribes from five political associates. Mandel served 19 months of a threeyear prison term before President Reagan commuted the sentence in 1981. Throughout the ordeal, he maintained his innocence

Last week a federal district judge in Baltimore overturned his conviction. Judge Frederic Smalkin based his opinion on a Supreme Court ruling last June that the federal mail-fraud statute should not be invoked in cases of government corruption. If upheld on appeal, the decision could clear Mandel's criminal record and compensate the former Governor and his co-defendants for thousands of dollars in fines.

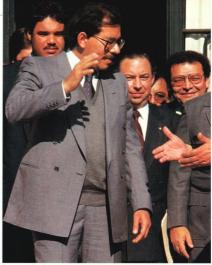
The Wright Stuff

A self-made diplomat brokers a cease-fire offer with Ortega

ne by one, they trooped to the Capitol Building for closed-door sessions with House Speaker Jim Wright, First came Nicaraguan President Daniel Ortega Saavedra, toting a proposal for cease-fire talks between his Sandinista government and the U.S.backed contras. After Ortega left, Secretary of State George Shultz arrived, followed by the contra leaders. Finally, Miguel Cardinal Obando y Bravo, Nicaragua's ranking churchman, disappeared into Wright's office. An exasperated Reagan Administration, its policymaking efforts sidelined by the frenzy of congress nal diplomacy, was forced like the rest of Washington to wait and see what might come of Wright's highly unusual mediation efforts. Complained Presidential Spokesman Marlin Fitzwater: "We don't know what he is up to.

The next day, Ortega emerged from a two-hour meeting with Obando, attended by Wright, and announced an elevenpoint cease-fire proposal for Nicaragua. His plan calls for a monthlong cease-fire to take effect on Dec. 5. During the ceasefire, armed contras would be confined to one of three zones spread over a 4,200-sq.mi. area. All military shipments to the rebels would halt during that period, but supplies of clothes, food and other nonlethal aid could be delivered by neutral international agencies. Under the proposal, any contras who lay down their arms will be granted amnesty and "may join in the political life of the nation with full enjoyment of their rights.

Ortega called his scheme a "proposal, not an ultimatum." Wright found the details patchy, but felt that they had "elements of good faith" for both sides. Publicly, the Reagan Administration was



Uncommon amity: after a meeting with the U.S. Speaker of the House, Nicaragua's President prepares

unwilling to rush to judgment. "We don't really know what's in this Ortega-Wright plan, and we just have to wait and see what they're talking about." said Fitzwater. Privately, officials denounced the scheme. "It sounds a lot like the Sandinistas' old unilateral cease-fire." said a naysayer at State. Although Coura Leader Author blood wood or Urega's call for which was a support of the couras seemed to withhold indement.

matic week of high-stakes diplomacy that included conciliatory gestures, intransit ender of high-stakes diplomacy that included conciliatory gestures, intransit per demands, petty studes and perhaps the promise of some real movement. But while talks between the Sandinistas and contras looked more promising, the propects for talks between Managua's comandantes and U.S. officials remained fun, despite expressions of interest on the contrast of the contrast of

Certainly Wright was at the center of the action. Last August the Texas Democrat and President Reagan co-sponsored a peace plan for Central America. Two days later in Guatemala City, five of the region's Presidents, including Ortega. signed a different accord, this one championed by Costa Rican President Oscar Arias Sánchez. Wright quickly threw his support behind the homegrown pact and invited Arias to address Congress. Since then Wright has repeatedly warned the Reagan Administration that no new funds for military aid to the contras will be approved so long as the peace process remains alive. At the same time, Wright has turned down two Sandinista invitations to serve as a mediator. "I do not aspire to any role except as a friend," he maintained last week.

et it was hard to regard his mysterious behind-the-sense maneuverings as anything short of mediation. Wright's attempts to edge the Sandinistas and contras closer to talks made the Reagan Administration uneasy, if not downright furious. We don't think it's desirable for the Law Sandinistas and contrast closer to the Carlo and the sandinistas and contrast contrast to the contrast contrast to the contrast c



you start seeing stories of independent plans," he said, "you have to start being a little nervous." Others in Washington charged that Wright's horse trading usurped Reagan's foreign policy authoritv. Said Republican Senator John McCain of Arizona, a supporter of contra aid: "I think it's at best unseemly and at worst unconstitutional."

The muted furor served Ortega's purposes well. In coming to Washington, his first such visit since 1979, Ortega aimed to promote Nicaragua's peace gestures. pressure Reagan to take steps toward talks and paint the contras as "sons of Reagan." The propaganda strategy was effective. While Ortega actually achieved little beyond handing Obando a cease-fire proposal, which he could have done in Managua, he received considerable attention. The final masterstroke: a tour of the Lincoln and Viet Nam War memorials.

Ortega and Reagan had begun the week on more equal footing. Like two riverboat gamblers, they had each invited the other to a game of poker, then each tried to fix the rules to his own advantage. The first bid came from Reagan. In a speech to members of the Organization of American States, he said that once the Sandinistas have begun "serious negotiations" with the contras, his Administration would "be ready to meet jointly with the foreign ministers of all five Central American nations, including the Sandinistas' representative." The call for "serious" talks was purposefully vague, and one underlying message was plain; no bilateral talks between the U.S. and Nicaragua.

till, Reagan's speech was a milestone. For the first time since the signing of the Guatemala plan, Reagan had made a concrete gesture to advance the peace process. The next day, the Secretary of State announced before the OAS that the Administration would withhold until next year a request to Congress for \$270 million in additional aid to the contras. His too was a mixed message. Shultz pledged to "give peace every chance," then vowed that contra funding would continue until "full democracy is established" in Nicaragua.

Ortega, however, appeared to read encouragement into Washington's more conciliatory approach. In a midair interview en route to the OAS meeting, he told the New York Times that if Reagan invited him to talk, Ortega would be willing to have contra leaders at the meeting. For the first time, a Sandinista official was publicly expressing a willingness to meet contra leaders face to face. The Administration rejected the offer, claiming that such an arrangement would devalue the contras' negotiating position

Ortega struck back in his address before the 31-nation OAS. He indulged in a hefty dose of eye-glazing anti-Reagan rhetoric, charging that the President was reneging on a promise made in the Reagan-Wright plan to open a "direct dialogue, government to government," once the Sandinistas initiated contacts with the the contra leadership. In fact, only an early draft called for bilateral negotiations; the final version insisted on regional talks.

Given the bad feelings between Reagan and Ortega, easy concessions are not

propaganda," says a Honduran official. Neither side wants to be the one to give in." Still, the debate over bilateral or multilateral talks is more than mere posturing. The Sandinistas, who know that renewed bilateral talks will lend their regime prestige, argue that until the U.S. forthrightly announces its support for the Guatemala plan, it is not entitled to participate in regional negotiations. "Why should we let Reagan take part?" asks Nicaragua's Foreign Minister Miguel d'Escoto Brockmann. "He doesn't welcome us to sit in on his talks when he meets with other nations.

Washington's position reflects the anxiety of its allies in the region. The leaders of El Salvador and Honduras, for example, fear that their concerns will be neglected if they are excluded from the negotiations. "We've been burned before," said a Honduran official, alluding to the Reagan-Wright plan, which was unveiled without consulting the allies. Last week State Department officials continued to insist publicly that any U.S. talks with Nicaragua must include the other Central American countries. But privately they said Shultz was pushing Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras and Costa Rica to back bilateral talks.

Once Sandinista-contra talks get under way, they could stumble on any number of points. Ortega has stated plainly that there will be no political negotiations. But the contras are already hinting at some measure of power sharing. Among the demands they floated last week: that the Sandinistas should disband their nine-member directorate, and that the contras should be granted control of the territory they now hold. The contras still hope to negotiate their demands face to face with the Sandinistas rather than through an intermediary. Yet as of last week that scenario looked unlikely. When a Sandinista group ran into Contra Leader Calero at a Washington reception, they refused to shake his outstretched hand, then walked out of the room even before the hors d'oeuvres were

served -By Jill Smolowe, Reported by



The reluctant mediator: "I do not aspire to any role except as a friend"



"I Am Very Guilty"

In an amazing disgrace, a Gorbachev protégé is fired

A fter listening to speaker after speaker deliver withering denunciations of his performance as head of the Moscow Communist Party, starting with a personal attack by his mentor Mikhail Gorbachev. Boris Yeltsin was clearly stunned. "At this plenum I have heard many things, things such as I had never heard in my entire life." he said when it was his turn to speak. But Yeltsin knew better than to quarrel; instead he responded with a rambling selfcriticism that echoed nothing so much as the Stalin-era show trials of the 1930s. "One of my most characteristic personal traits, ambition, has manifested itself lately," he said. "I tried to control it but, regrettably, without success. I am very guilty before the city party committee, before the Politburo and certainly before Mikhail Sergeyevich Gorbachev.

But Yeltsin's extraordinary exercise in groveling came too late. Shortly after he spoke last week, the burly party chief was fired from his job. He can also expect to be stripped of his nonvoting seat on the 18-member ruling Politburo. He thus became the first high-ranking Kremlin official appointed by Gorbachev to tumble from grace, a milestone that at first seemed to point to a setback in the Soviet leader's own political standing. But two days after Yeltsin's downfall, in a display of glasnost unprecedented even in the Gorbachev era, the party paper Pravda ran a detailed account of the sacking. Starting on the front page and occupying the entire 16-column spread of the second and third pages, the story left no doubt that Gorbachev not only acquiesced in the political assassination of his protégé but took the lead in arranging it.

A former party leader in the industrial city of Sverdlovsk, Yeltsin was brought to Moscow by Gorbachev in 1985 and quickly established himself as a supersalesman of perestroika (restructuring). Gorbachev's plan to modernize the Sovjet economy. To the delight of ordinary Muscovites, he became a one-man consumerprotection agency, stopping off in stores to complain about poor-quality merchandise, calling Moscow's famed subway unsafe and criticizing state contractors for falling behind in constructing new housing. But his blunt language and grandstanding earned him enemies. Explains Marshall Goldman, associate director of Harvard's Russian Research Center: People came to resent him as an outlander and not part of the system.

Yeltsin grew a little too outspoken at a meeting of the policymaking Central Committee in late October. Interrupting the agenda, the Moscow party chief delivered a harangue accusing senior leaders of obstructing his efforts to bring about perestroika. Exactly what he said remains unclear. Gorbachev, in his attack on Yeltsin last week, said that Yeltsin had "in fact sought to call into question the Communist Party's work on restructuring and the character of changes and went as far as to say that restructuring was giving nothing to the people." Gorbachev implied that Yeltsin brought up matters relating to the Politbu-ro's "collective leadership." That may be a reference to a complaint by Yeltsin, according to some unofficial accounts of the session, that some of Gorbachev's subordinates were building a "cult of personality" around the Soviet leader Yeltsin's outburst was seen as an at-

tack on the Politburo faction led by Ideologist Yegor Ligachev, the second-ranking member, who has frequently criticized Gorbachev's reform program. Whether Yeltsin also meant to fault Gorbachev for moving too slowly remains uncertain, but the Soviet leader clearly put that interpretation on the remarks. Gorbachev said last week that the offending speech was "politically immature, extremely confus-

ing and contradictory." The Central Committee, Gorbachev reported, "showed complete unanimity of views in the appraisal of that speech, assessing it as politically erroneous." Yeltsin must pay the price, Gorbachev said, for "putting his personal ambition ahead of the interests of the party" and for trying "to place responsibility for his own major shortcomings on others.

While Yeltsin's downfall must have been a painful experience for Gorbachev. few U.S. Sovietologists thought he had suffered any lasting political damage or that he would hesitate to repeat the exercise on others who cross the boundaries of glasnost, "This episode is one of the first important lessons of the Gorbachev era ' says Dmitri Simes, senior associate at the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. "As soon as it became clear that Yeltsin was an unguided missile. Gorbachev threw him to the wolves." Nor could Kremlin watchers detect signs that Yeltsin's downfall held implications for the upcoming U.S.-Soviet summit in Washington. Said a Western diplomat in Moscow: "We have no indication that foreign policy was part of the discussion.

ne sign that Gorbachev's political health remains robust was the choice of Yeltsin's successor: Lev Zaikov, 64, a Politburo member who oversees heavy industries and is a firm Gorbachev supporter. One of Zaikov's challenges as the capital's party boss was revealed last week by the national Socialist Industry newspaper. Under Gorbachev's plan to streamline the bureaucracy, 60,000 Moscow residents will be laid off from government ministries by 1990. Moscow, like Washington a company town, will be the Soviet city hardest hit by Gorbachev's cuts. which are aimed at eliminating one out of every two government workers. Finding jobs for that many people would be a trial for any municipal leader, even one in a country where unemployment officially does not exist. -By William R. Doerner. Reported by James O. Jackson/Moscow and Nancy Traver/Washington



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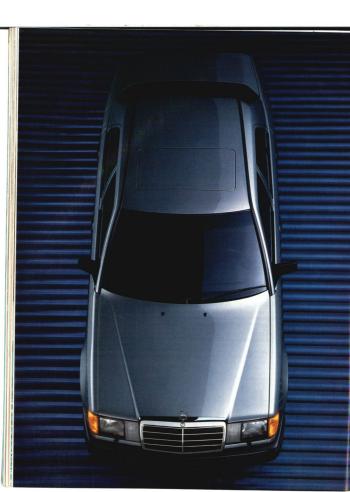
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THE MERCEDES-BENZ 300 CLASS: TECHNOLOGY IS ONLY OPPORTUNITY KNOCKINGTHE SECRET IS TO OPEN THE RIGHT DOORS.

A microchip might be able to think with unimaginable speed-but what does it think

about? Computers, robots and laser beams might extend human reach—but to what end?

The answers to such questions, as delineated by the engineers of Mercedes-Benz, explain

why the ambitions of the 300 Class seem to exceed those of other technologically intensive automobiles.

Thus no microchip in a 300 Class automobile thinks frivolously. One thinks about modulating brake pressure in a panic stop, to prevent skidding and preserve steering control. Another, about fine-tuning engine operation, seeking the ideal balance of power and efficiency under all conditions. Still others deploy a driver's-side air bag and front seat belt emergency tensioning retractors within milliseconds of a major frontal impact.

Advanced computers pretested 77 experimental variations of the 300 Class multilink independent rear suspension system. But only hard test driving and human feel could ultimately turn theoretical perfection into what Automobile Magazine has termed "the yardstick... because of its nearly perfect blend of handling, roadholding and comfort." Extensive wind-tunnel testing shaped a 300 Class body that is aerodynamically slipperier

than even the slippery Porsche 928. But human genius molded that shape into a spacious, civilized four-door sedan. Robots welded exotic steels into a lightweight yet rigid body structure.

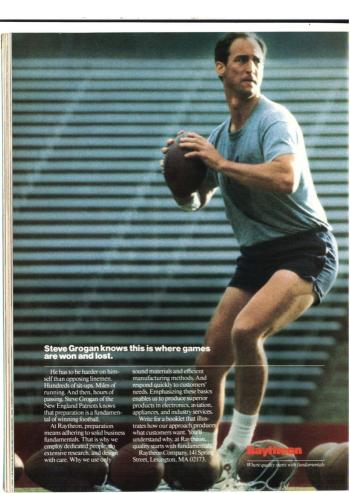
But the Mercedes-Benz safety philosophy demanded that the structure also *yield* in a severe front or rear impact—absorbing kinetic energy, cushioning the passenger shell within.

Synthesizing myriad diverse technologies, the creators of the 300 Class have achieved automobiles that merge 140-mph test-track performance with resolute safety-mindedness. That blend the instant satisfaction of driving pleasure with the long-term satisfaction of durability and reliability. They gave the 300 Class a superior automobile intelligence, in brief, serving the needs and well-being of driver and passengers as no automobile before.

An achievement that reflects not only the power of technology, but the power of the vision that makes a Mercedes-Benz.



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THE MIDDLE EAST

A Radical Returns to the Ranks

At last Syria joins the Arab world in condemning Iran

or four days statesmen representing the 21 members of the Arab League claimed to have hit eleven tankers off the had argued, cajoled and bargained as they tried to work out their differences in the meeting rooms and corridors of the luxurious Plaza Hotel in Amman. Finally, tired but triumphant, King Hussein of Jordan took the podium at the closing ceremony to proclaim that the 15th summit of the league had produced nothing less than a "new birth" of Arab unity. The Jordanian monarch could be forgiven a bit of rhetorical excess. For while deep divisions in the Arab world remained. Hussein had indeed produced a remarkable and unexpected achievement. He had coaxed radical Syria and its inscrutable President, Hafez Assad, back into the Arab fold

The Syrian turnaround became clear with the release of the summit's final communiqué, in which the assembled sheiks, princes and Presidents unanimously condemned Iran, which Syria has backed in the seven-year Iran-Iraq war. The members of the Arab League, the declaration says, "voiced their indignation at the Iranian regime's intransigence. provocations and threats to the Arab gulf states" and "denounced the bloody, criminal acts" of the Iranians who rioted last summer in the holy city of Mecca.

Just as startling was the assembled leaders' decision to rescind the pariah status of Egypt, which was suspended from the Arab League in 1979 after signing its peace treaty with Israel. While Syria vetoed the re-entry of its archrival into the league, the communiqué declared that re-establishment of diplomatic relations with Egypt "is a sovereign matter to be decided by each state." Within days. Iraq. the United Arab Emirates, Morocco and Kuwait had all renewed relations, and at least four other states were expected to follow suit.

What inspired Syria's change of heart? According to summit participants, Assad concluded he could no longer remain aloof from the Arab world. Sentiment among the Arab leaders overwhelmingly favored pressuring Iran to end the war, and Assad apparently felt he had to move with the tide, putting at risk the millions of tons of free and subsidized oil that Iran has provided his country as a reward for his support. As for Egypt, the participants were eager to mend relations with the Arab world's most populous and powerful state so that Cairo's 450,000man army could be held up as a counterbalance to the Iranian threat. Iraqi President Saddam Hussein, dressed in military garb and packing a revolver, called for a rallying of Arab ranks in the face of the

common danger. Even as Saddam Hussein spoke, his air force was busy in the Persian Gulf batcoast of Iran during the week. The Avatullah Ruhollah Khomeini, meanwhile, called all able-bodied male Iranians to combat, a signal that Tehran may be ready to launch a major offensive

According to sources at the Amman summit, the Syrian-Iraqi reconciliation implied by the condemnation of Iran will take concrete form in the next two weeks. Diplomatic relations will be restored. common borders will be reopened, and a dialogue between the governments will



Inscrutable Assad: a dramatic turnaround

begin. For the moment, however, Syria is not severing its alliance with Iran. Foreign Minister Farouk Shara'a said, after the summit ended, that "Syria is against condemning Iran because it wasn't the beginner in the war.

Bringing Syria around was not easy The longtime feud between Assad and Saddam Hussein poisoned the first day's summit proceedings. The two men, who are rivals for leadership of the region's socialist Baath movement, refused to shake hands, exchange words or even look at each other. But after hours of delicate mediation by other Arab leaders, the atmosphere thawed. At one point, when the Syrian and Iraqi Foreign Ministers were deadlocked over a U.N. resolution calling for a cease-fire in the gulf war, Jordanian Foreign Minister Taher Masri went to Assad's suite to discuss the problem. Clad in his pajamas, Assad made a key concession-he agreed to accept the resolution without changes demanded by Iran-and broke the impasse. By the end of the summit, Assad and Saddam Hussein were not only talking, but addressing each other as "brother.

Such success seemed a remote prospect when, a few days before the summit began, King Fahd ibn Abdul Aziz of Saudi Arabia announced he would stay home. a decision that was seen as a blow to King Hussein's prestige. Fahd's absence set of a new round of speculation about his effectiveness as a leader. Saudi watchers in Washington and Arab capitals say the King, in power since 1982, has proved disappointingly indecisive in dealing with Saudi Arabia's economic problems and its worsening relations with Iran. In addition, the King's battles with diabetes and obesity are said to have left him little energy for affairs of state.

As if to confirm Fahd's waning au-



Gun-toting Saddam Hussein: "brothers" After hours of delicate negotiations by other leaders, the chilly atmosphere thawed

thority, his proxy in Amman, Crown Prince Abdullah, played an important role in persuading Syria's Assad to moderate his views. Moreover, the absence of the Saudi monarch served, as it turned out, to cast more of the spotlight on Jordan's Hussein, who has emerged in recent years as the Arabs' most active statesman. In the end, it was Hussein who persuaded Assad and Saddam Hussein to talk directly to each other

The latest Arab summit, however, produced no progress in the Middle East's other continuing crisis, the Arab-Israeli conflict. The delegates largely ignored the presence of Palestine Liberation Organization Chairman Yasser Arafat, and King Hussein tried huddling with him to soothe any hurt feelings. Nonetheless, relations between the two leaders were strained. Arafat petulantly boycotted a summit banquet hosted by Hussein because he was not accorded the honors of a head of state. - By Michael S. Serrill. Reported by Dean Fischer/Amman and Murray J. Gart/Washington THE PHILIPPINES

Praying For Time

As intrigue and chaos grow, can Cory be saved?

ife is a struggle for Milagros San Buenaventura. To feed her eleven children, she sells kalamansi, a bittersweet native lime, at market stalls in the city of Naga, 140 miles southeast of Manila. At night she prays hard, begging for protection against disasters that may strike at her, at her city, at her country. But the troubles keep coming closer. Two months ago rebels of the Communist New People's Army blew up four strategic bridges, severing rail lines between Naga and Manila. Soon after, the army escalated its war with the N.P.A., further disrupting the local economy. Then the market where San Buenaventura sold kalamansi burned to the ground. Crossing herself, the fruit vendor offers a prayer for President Corazon Aquino, "Cory is our guiding light," she says, "our savior. She has not sinned against her fellowmen. It's only the people around her who have wronged us.

The troubles have also arrived in Laoag, 300 miles to the north in Ilocos Norte province. Four weeks ago David Bueno, a human-rights lawyer, was getting into his car when two men on a motorcycle shot him dead. The murder remains unsolved, like almost all such cases in the Philippines. "After David died," says Bueno's brother Excel, "people in tattered clothes and bare feet came to say, 'Thank you for your brother. Without him no one would have fought for us." But not a word of condolence came from Aquino's Human Rights Commission. "I want to support Cory because I think she's sincere," Excel says bitterly. "But

sometimes I hate her

Nearly two years after Aquino won the war of good against evil, the forces of darkness are again threatening to over-whelm the Philippines. Aquino's once un-assailable hold on popular support is solvely slipping, and the country is on the solvely slipping, and the country is on the length of the property of the country of the control of the property of the country of the cornty legacy of Ferdinand Marcos, and increasing number of mand Marcos, and increasing number of ming out of steam. "We expected deceny in government, We expected deficiency,"



Seeking strength: the President by the tomb of her late husband Benigno on the Feast of All Soul: Her enemies wait for her to be exhausted by the task of coaxing factions together.

says Antonio Oposa, a lawyer in the central Philippine city of Cebu. "Maybe that's too much to expect of one woman." He adds, "We don't need a saint for a President." Says Excel Bueno: "We need a strong President—and discipline."

Aquino's problems came into sharp focus after the bloody August mutiny of Colonel Gregorio ("Gringo") Honasan. The unsuccessful uprising revealed a faction-ridden military envious of Aquino's power and unwilling to give up the political clout it had gained under Marcos. The untiny's chief blow, however, was struck at the President's almost blind faith that the democratic institutions she had rescore mice and political morass. The relative serenity of her first few months in power was, after Honasan's coup attempt, reinterpreted as weakness.

To counter that perception, Aquino has visited N.P.A. war zones, raised military pay to quiet the restive soldiers, delivered tough-sounding speeches and demanded that radical labor unions end their strikes and obey back-to-work court orders. Aquino can claim some credit for this year's expected 5% rate of economic growth, an impressive figure after three years of negative and near zero expansion. Yet the resurgent economy has only begun to replenish the depleted treasury. Aguino's attempts to run an efficient government and an effective war against the N.P.A. are hampered by a lack of funds. An expected surge in U.S. aid has turned out to be a mere trickle. Because of the Gramm-Rudman budget-balancing law, the State Department has had to scale down its 1988 request for economic and military assistance to the Philippines from \$471.8 million in 1987 to \$267.3 million. Egypt and Israel alone account for 40% of all U.S. foreign aid, while the Philippines-site of the two largest U.S. military bases on foreign soil-this year received only 3.5%. Says a State Department official: "The picture is totally bleak."

The political picture in the Philippines also remains grim. Byzantine intrigues continue to be launched against Aquino. To distract the nervous capital, her enemies on both the right and the left freely sow sensationalist rumors among Manila's 28 newspapers. The city's coffee shops and political salons cultivate witticisms to poison the President's reputation. One favorite is a Spanish pun on the name Corazon C. Aquino. With a finger at the chest, the speaker says, "Corazón, sí" (she has a heart); with a finger at the head, he continues, "Aqui, no (here, nothing)

Last month Aquino's disaffected Vice President, Salvador Laurel, secretly sent feelers to Honasan, who remains at large in or around Manila and constantly threatens to strike again with rebel soldiers. Laurel, who has publicly attacked Aquino and her policies, wanted assurances that the colonel would not stage a coup while the Vice President was in the U.S. on a speaking tour. Laurel was afraid that if Aquino were ousted from the presidency while he was abroad, he would be maneuvered out of the succession. Aquino, meanwhile, was not above tweaking her Vice President. Members of Philippine consulates in the U.S. were forbidden to attend Laurel's speeches.

Even as rumors of new military uprisings swirl, the Communists have begun to show their hand in the capital, inflitrating is nation squads known as Sparrow units, so called for their small size and great mobility. This year more than 150 policemen and soldier have been killed. To counter the "The Adulpt's reluctions approach—have orsa-

nized gangs of vigilantes to drive out the Communists. Law week more than 4000 Manila residents signed up for duty. Those who are accepted will be lissued weapons and given training. The Communists are fighting back. Police last week found the body of a man in a cloth week found the body of a man in a cloth but a cloth of the body of the community. Police last week found the body of a man in a cloth week found the body of a man in a cloth week found the body of a man in a cloth plant plant of the body of a predict week found the body of a predict week found the body of a predict where it will all end."

Tension is high in the provinces. In Cebu, one of the country's largest cities, Communist violence has become an everyday threat for policemen, politicians and even ordinary citizens. Lawyer Antonio Opsoa used to ride his horse into the mottled green hills behind his house the cedge of Cebu. No more. "It's a non-time that the country of the country



Police rounding up suspected N.P.A. rebels in Manila



Anti-Communist vigilantes at a combat-training course "The seeds of civil war are being sown."

streets when Aquino came to power. Now they often sit around his comfortable home and complain about the way the country is run. The lawyer sometimes ends the discussions with rueful sarcasm: "Well, at least we have freedom."

The N.P.A.'s shadow is almost everywhere. In Ilocos Norte last week, four mayors of small towns sought refuge in Laoag after the guerrillas kidnaped workers at a nearby construction site. One evening, after a reporter rode through the hills outside Laoag to a military camp, the commander said, "I am surprised to see you. I don't even allow my men to travel that road at this hour. Things may look normal, but they aren't." The province, which is Marcos' ancestral home, has been deprived of the pork-barrel largesse that rolled its way during his regime. Aquino has not visited the province, and she would hardly be welcomed if she did. Yet, uncharacteristically for a Philippine politician, she has not wreaked vengeance on Ilocos Norte. It merely suffers as all other provinces do.

Few provinces are as neglected as Sulu, close to the southern tip of the Philippines, about 500 miles from Manila. Sulu's capital, Jolo, has deteriorated markedly even though it gave Aquino 95% of its votes during her run for the presidency. Violent local feuds often flare, and for three months the city has had no electricity. Muslim secessionists threaten to break out in open warfare. Says Mayor Aminkadra Abubakar: "Every day I send [Aquino] a letter and a telegram, reminding her of what ought to be done here. I never get a direct reply.

Aquino's problems are likely to proliferate. The N.P.A. last week announced that it was including among its targets American businesses on the island of Mindanao. Some Filipinos believe the move is a ploy to cast Aquino as a lackey of U.S. imperialism. Said Opposition Senator Juan Ponce Enrile: "The N.P.A. will say, 'We're only fighting American imperialists. So why is the Philippine government shooting at us?" The local elections scheduled for Jan. 18 are bound to be violent. For one thing, minor rivalries between small-town politicos could turn into bloody feuds multiplied hundreds of times over across the country. For another, N.P.A.-supported candidates are expected to run, coming into certain conflict with the vigilantes.

Despite her travails and the nostalgia among many Filipinos for a stronger, Marcos-like leader, and the stronger, Marcos-like leader, betanger, Barcos-like leader, Political Scientist Randy, Says Political Scientist Randy David. "Even so, they make excuses for a presidency they adore." But while they can live with Aquino, her constituents on the left, right and censitivents on the left.

ter cannot live with one another. At the same time, the President's numerous enemies wait for their chance to strike. U.S. State Department officials believe that Marcos, in exile in Hawaii, is plotting to assassiante Aquino. They suggest that he is trying to enlist the aid of Honasant in bey. Desattafaction with the dictator led him to play an important role in the uprising that brought Aquino to power.

In Naga city, Milagros San Buenaventura senses that time is running out. She and thousands of other Naga resiclests were shocked when a statue of the Blessed Wrigin Mary fell into a local river the fruit vendor believes, and perhaps a warning. "She can punish all of us," suys, the fruit vendor of the Virgin rule, please, she should spare our beloved Presient." In Manila, Cory Aquino is no doubt soying a similar prayer for her coloubt soying a similar prayer for her by the Promegal Acids of the Milagroup of the Virgin Program (Acids o UGANDA

Goodbye, Mama Alice

A priestess discovers that oil and bullets don't mix

t first, it was hard to tell whether reb-A thrst, it was hard to tell and eastern and eastern Uganda favored the weapons technology of the 20th century or that of the Stone Age. While some insurgents fought government troops with Kalashnikov rifles, many others went into battle bare chested and armed with nothing more than sticks and rocks. These warriors were following the orders of a 27-year-old self-styled "priestess" known as Mama Alice, who was trying to overthrow the government of Ugandan President Yoweri Museveni with an odd mixture of Christian theology and African witchcraft. Believers in her Holy Spirit Movement, she told followers, could ward off enemy bullets by coating themselves with the oil of a local tree and could lob stones that would magically explode like grenades in battle

Last week, twelve months and dozens of hattles after be entharked on the campaign. Allie's quixotic crusade seemed close to collapse. Her army of followers, which once numbered several thousand, had been reduced by death and desertion to several hundred. Alice, wounded in the legy by government soldiers, was reported by authorities to be in hiding near the town of Iganga, about 80 mise east of Kampala, the capital. Accor of Monot, the town deep the control of the con

The rise and fall of Mama Alice is rooted in Uganda's tribal politics as well as in Africa's tradition of magic worship. The daughter of an Anglican clergyman and a member of the small Acholi tribe in



The general in her rebel headquarters

An odd mixture of theology and witchcraft.

the savannas of northern Uganda, Alice has appealed to regional animosities to build her rebel force, composed mostly of peasant farmers, teenage boys and exsoldiers. One source of storing resentinest respectively on the source of storing resentinest respectively. The source of storing resentinest respectively on the source of storing resentinest southerners and westerners. Alice claimed to be under the command of a holy spirit called lakwara, the Acholi own of the storing of the source of the source

Though she claimed to have converted to Roman Catholicism and wore a plastic rosary and crucifix around her neck, Alice declared herself the possessor of many supernatural powers that have no connection with Christian belief. She spoke only Acholi and a smattering of English but claimed that her spirit was fluent in 74 languages. The oil she encouraged rebel fighters to smear on their bodies, which came from shea trees and is used in the manufacture of shampoo in the West, would make bullets "slip on top of your skin" and bounce back at the enemy. Alice also passed out sachets of powder ground from squirrels' bones that she promised would make the recipients invisible to government soldiers. The widespread belief in magical powers that pervades the region induced thousands of Ugandans to accept these assertions. After they turned out to be manifestly untrue in the harsh reality of battle, Alice claimed that she would resurrect her army's casualties after she had parted

the Nile River and captured Kampala. Faced with at least three other rebel groups, Museveni was slow in committing his troops to quell the Holy Spirit Movement. Beginning in October, however, heavily armed government forces went on the offensive, with predictable results. With all the fervor of a fanatic, Alice continued to press-gang new recruits and ordered the death of doubters. "We leave everything in the hands of God," she said three weeks ago, sitting in the dappled shade of a banana grove near Lake Victoria By the time Mama Alice went into hiding two weeks later, seated on a bicycle that was being pushed by half a dozen still loyal followers, as many as 6,000 Ugandans had died in the hapless cause of lakwena. By William R. Doerner.

Reported by Catherine Bond/Kampala

Driver, Spare That Hedgehog

Under cover of night, a diminutive pedestrian crosses the wooded country road. Suddenly white beams of light roar toward him. The stroller instinctively rolls into a spiny ball. Bad move. Splat!

tructy rois into a spiny son, assu nove-, spin.

More than 100,000 hedgehogs are flatient on the roads of Britain each year. Of the survivors, flowstands limp intented to pass the rest of their investripped and ill. But offer flower intented to the restrict of their investripped and ill. But offer functions, they are gently bundled off the arms growing limited for functions, they are gently bundled off the hedgehog clinic, St. Tiggswinkle's. Named for the hedgehog clinic, St. Tiggswinkle's. Named for the hedgehog did not support to the hospital is equipped to deal with every affliction, from broken bones to deflated spines. St. Tiggswinkle's wards house 150 to 200 prickly patients. Nearly all are auto causatties, though some are victims of dog or cat attacks, and one was admitted after being mauded by a rhinocress during a careless stroil through a zoo.

Les and Sue Societe, the couple who run the increasingly busy hospital their garden in Aylestury, Buckinghamshire, have launched a \$1.8 quillion with the properties of the pr



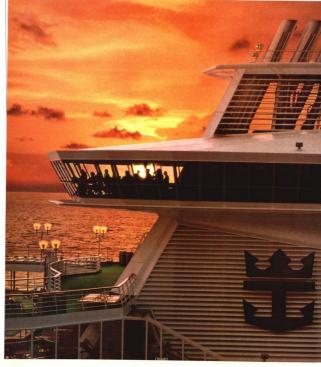
Panasonic introduces a cordless telephone small enough to fit into your shirt pocket. And that's not even the big news.

The big news is that Panasonic put so much into such a small telephone. The KX-T3000 cordiess comes with 10-station automatic dialing. Built-in intercom. And auto redaling, There are even two security systems. Cordies phone over some postup your dial tone on his process. So, the inconvenience of getting bills for calls you never made is virtually

eliminated. The second helps prevent other cordiless phone owners from eavesdropping on your conversation. All this and more in a handset that folds in half so it's small enough to find your shift pocket, but big enough to have everything you need. The Panasonic folding cordless. It's an open and shut case.

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World





Waiting for something to happen: Point Salines International can handle far more traffic than it gets; tourist bargains with vendors

One U.S. Invasion Later . . .

The T-shirt business is off, but the airport is a dandy

or an island only 21 miles long and 12 miles wide, Grenada has a surprisingly impressive airport. The 9,000-ft. runway of Point Salines International Airport can easily accommodate jumbo jets from any part of the world. But the most action the tarmac gets these days is from twin-engine Avro 748 island hoppers from Trinidad and Barbados. Cuban engineers began building the airport in the early 1980s, during the leftist regime of Prime Minister Maurice Bishop. One U.S. invasion and \$19 million in aid later. Point Salines International is completed and, much like Grenada, sits waiting for something to happen.

After the American intervention in 1983, the streets of the capital. St. George's, were filled with talk that U.S. working permits would be doled out like so many chocolate bars. Many even signed a petition urging Washington to annex the island. Those giddy hopes have passed, and Grenadians have turned their attention to rebuilding democracy and their notoriously bad roads

But reminders linger of Grenada's four-year flirtation with socialism under Bishop. After a nine-month trial, former Deputy Prime Minister Bernard Coard and 13 associates were sentenced to hang for the murder of Bishop and ten followers during the coup that prompted Ronald Reagan to send in U.S. troops. Coard and his cronies have been waiting on death row since last December, as their lawyers scramble with appeals that will probably keep the prisoners alive well into 1988.

Though Bishop was beloved by most Grenadians, a bust of the slain leader its nose chipped off, stands desolate in a cemetery overlooking Queen's Park. where the U.S. Marines set up camp during what the locals call the rescue mission.

The remaining leftists on the island are having a hard time attracting support. Although most observers say socialism has run its course in Grenada, skeptics contend that many leftist sympathizers are simply lying low. At center stage is Prime Minister

Herbert Blaize, 69, a lawyer who was elected in 1984. Blaize has been criticized for his remote, autocratic style. Last year his administration abolished a labyrinthine tax code in favor of a 20% valueadded tax. Grenadians bemoaned the levy in a calypso song and even dubbed a local virus the VAT flu. Blaize has begun, amid yelps of protest, to reduce the flaccid civil service, which totals 7,800 employees in a population of 95,000

A new opposition party, led by former Agriculture Minister George Brizan, has already undercut Blaize's support. Of the 15 elected members of Parliament who belong to Blaize's New National Party, five have defected to Brizan's National Democratic Congress. Some fear Brizan may split the country's political center and ensure the return of former Prime Minister Sir Eric Gairy, whose eccentric, rightwing regime during the late Broken Bishop bust 1970s led to Bishop's rise.

Most pressing to Grenadians, though, is the island's economy. An estimated 20% to 30% of the populace is unemployed. Some \$90 million in U.S. aid since 1984 has done little to better the lot of the average worker. The money has been used to repair roads, complete the airport and build a bright pink mental institution to replace the one accidentally destroyed by American bombs. But impatience abounds. "We should have moved much faster than we have," says a waiter at a

near empty beachfront hotel. "Except for the airport, I haven't seen much improvement

Despite the favorable tax climate, only a handful of U.S. pharmaceutical firms have set up factories on the island. American enrollment at Grenada's medical school is on the rise after students were evacuated from the island in 1983. But the T-shirt industry, which flourished with brisk sales to U.S. service members, has waned since their departure in 1985. The prospect of increased tourism appears bleak. Grenada's twelve hotels remain half empty during peak season. Cruise ships make regular stops, but the mad dashes of passengers through gift shops are hardly a permanent boon to the economy. Vendors hawking spices and tropical shirts comb the beaches for stray tourists

The airport has brought in traffic of another sort: cocaine. Although marijuana is not uncommon on the island, the govern-

ment views the increasing use of cocaine as disturbing enough to start an antidrug campaign. "We're seeing crimes here we've never seen before," says Jude Duprane, who runs a fast-food kiosk along the bustling harbor of St. George's. But even he admits the bucolic life persists. Says he: "It's still the same old Grenada.

The brightest spot in the economic picture is agriculture. Nutmeg prices remain high, and

the banana and coconut industries are flourishing after many lean years. Farmers are harvesting new products, including flowers and exotic fruits, and finding eager markets in the U.S. and Europe. This growth is especially critical now that U.S. funds are tapering off. "We didn't expect the aid to go on forever," says Pauline Andrew, Agriculture and Tourism Minister. "Now we have to do it ourselves. After years of political upheaval, Grenadians seem anxious to get back to -By Cristina Garcia/St. George's

World Notes



Bangladesh: Khaleda Zia is led away by police



Pageants: winning form



n: Small with a salvaged tank near Slapton Sand

Finally.

Remembrance

Around midnight on April 28, 1944, a force of 25,000 US, troops was preparing to make an amphibious landing at Slapton Sands, on the southern coast of England. The operation, known as Exercise Tiger, was a practice drill for the invasion of Normandy, just five

was a practice drill for the invasion of Normandy, just five weeks away. But things went badly. The night before, a British destroyer detailed to escort the convoy collided with another ship and was anchored at port, leaving the landing craft inadequately protected. At about 1:30 a.m., Ger-

At adolt 1:90 atm. German torpedo boats slipped into Lyme Bay and launched their weapons against the convox. The toll: 749 An under the perished on Ulah Beach, but were raw recruits who had never seen the enemy. For the sake of wartime secrecy, news of the tragedy was withheld. The dead were never honored with an official monument.

with an official monument. That neglect has long troubled Ken Small, a local imnkeeper Small learned of the disaster in the early 1970s, after finding American coins and ammunition washed up on the beautiful the state of th not a religious man," says Small, "but I felt something driving me on to do this."

Two Women Against Ershad

Thousands of people flooded Dhaka's streets last week to mark the first anniversary of President H.M. Ershad's civilian rule-but hardly in a way he would have liked. To cries of "Torch the throne of Ershad!" an estimated 20,000 demonstrators clashed with police over threedays. On Saturday, at least two dozen homemade bombs rocked the capital. Altogether, three civilians and one policeman were killed, scores injured, and 2,000 arrested. The biggest casualty, however, was Bangladesh's meandering course toward democracy. Ershad ordered the arrest of Protest Organizers Begum Khaleda Zia, 43, and Sheik Hasina Wazed, 40, the country's two top opposition leaders. Khaleda Zia is the daughter and Sheik Hasina the wife of assassinated former Presidents.

Death in the Fast Lane

In a race 10 beat the morning rush hour, 2 bus filled with at least 70 workers and schoolchildren, some as young as twelve, was speeding toward Mexico City along the Tláhuac-Chalco highway. Suddenly the driver lost control in a dense patch of fog. The bus lurched off the shoulder, flipped over and plunged into a muddy, 9-ft.-deep corner of Lake Xico, a sewage-fouled lagoon. Rescue workers freed nine survivors (one later died) and recovered 39 bodies within a few hours. About 20 passengers escaped, but another 20 or so were presumed dead inside the hus

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A Sleuth Among Youth

In Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow, the 1963 film starting. Sophia Loren, postwar Naples was awash with contraband cigarettes. Today the Italian city is afflicted with a more serious criminal commodity: heroin. Addiction among the property of the provided of the prents have begun to hir eyes to parents have begun to hir eyes to the contract of the contract of the contract of the on their children.

Mauro Centracchio, the best known of the investigators, has been retained by nearly 100 amxious parents, who pay him \$2,900 each to have their offspring shadowed and photographed. Pictures of children buying drugs or shooting up are quickly dispatched to the parents. The former carabiniere calls his de-

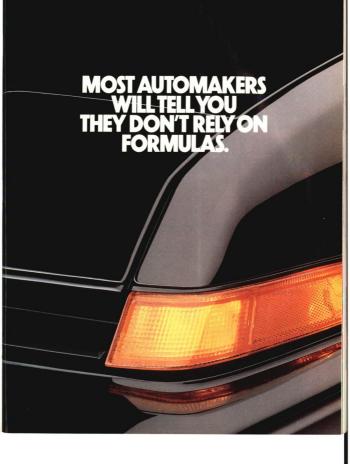
tective agency Magnum P.I., but the joke ends there. "Drugs are a part of everyday life here," says Centracchio. While only a handful of Italian detective agencies engage in such familial sleuthing, the practice is spreading along with the plague of drug addiction.

PAGEANTS

Not So High on The Thigh

What is a beauty pageant without bathing suits? Plenty, the sponsors of last week's 37th annual Miss World contest decreed. In a bow to feminist scorn and changing fashion, the 78 hopefuls who paraded in London's Royal Albert Hall before thousands of raucous spectators and 500 million television viewers wore leotards instead of swimwear. 'Leotards are a lot more fashionable," said Pageant Sales Director Michael Morley. They are also more modest, he added, because the "cut is not so high on the thigh."

When the 90-minute contest ended, judges crowned Ulla Weigerstorfer, a 5-ft. 11in. Viennese blond, as the fairest of them all. Bookmakers had listed the 20-year-old veterinary student as a 20-to-1 long shot. Her victory worried Boyfriend Joseph Wegrostek, 40, a lawyer and divorced father of three. "I fear we may split," he said. "Austria has now become too small for her."





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The Knife Must Fall

While the trade outlook improves, the summiteers face a budget deadline

oneymen around the world were yearning to look on the bright side, and it was high stress since the Black Monday crash of Oct. 19, the financial markets needed only to see a few rays of hope to justify a rally. But everyone was looking for encouraging signals from the one place in particular, the U.S. that lately has been unable to deliver. Investors and foreign unable to deliver. Investors and foreign tience last week as they waited for America to come across with some evidence of progress in solving its economic problems.

In some respects, the U.S. did. President Reagan gave verbal, albeit offhand, support for the dollar, helping halt the currency's plunge, which has alarmed governments from Japan to West Germany during recent weeks Even more upbeat was the an-nouncement that the U.S. trade deficit, the closely watched barometer of America's global competitive woes, improved by a gratifying degree during September. But at week's end the financial world was left holding its breath for what had been promised as the most reassuring development of all: a bipartisan agreement to cut the U.S. budget deficit. After three weeks of daily meetings, the 15 congressional and Administration leaders who constitute the special budget summit adjourned without reaching a compromise on billions of dollars in new taxes and spending cuts

The budget summiteers hoped to reach agreement this week, and waiting any longer could push the financial markets into a deep funk. But for

the moment investors took consolation in the temporary halt of the dollar's worrisome slide. In a calculated strategy orchestrated by Treasury Secretary James Baker in the wake of Black Monday, the Government has been allowing the dollar to decline. Baker believed not only that a lower dollar would help ease the trade deficit by making American goods more competitive but also that propping up the currency would force the U.S. to keep interest rates too high just when a recession became possible. In the past month or so. the dollar has dropped 7% against the West German mark and 5% vs. the Japanese yen, which comes on top of an almost 40% fall during the past two years.

Besides rekindling the threat of U.S. inflation, the strategy has angered other industrial countries. West Germany and Japan, in particular, fear that their economies will be crippled by the escalation of their currencies against the dollar. Finally last week Reagan seemed determined to shore up the dollar once again. As he posed for photographs with Israeli President Chaim Herzog, the President was asked about the currency's future direction. "I don't look for a further decline. he said. "We're not doing anything to bring it down." Those words immediately acted like a parachute on the dollar's drop. "We weren't sure the President knew what he was saying, but his com-

ments certainly helped shore up the dol-

lar," said a London currency analyst. The dollar got a far less ambiguous boost later in the week with the Commerce Department's announcement that the U.S. trade deficit shrank during September to \$14.1 billion, down from \$15.7 billion in August. The decline was sharper than expected, especially by comparison with the disappointingly small improvement in the previous month's results. The disclosure of those results on Oct. 14 helped trigger the crash five days later. Despite September's narrowing, the trade gap remains huge by any standard. At the current rate, the 1987 deficit is likely to exceed last year's record of \$156 billion by some \$10 billion.

But the latest figures, in which exports climbed 3.8% and imports fell 2.4% from the previous month, indicated that the dollar's two-year drop is at last beginning to have an impact on the competitiveness of U.S. products. At the same time, consumers are finally starting to turn up their noses at the rising prices of foreign imports. Last week Porsche, the West German sports-car manufacturer, announced plans to cut production because of sharply declining sales in the U.S., where the company sells fully 60% of its output. Meanwhile, the Administration is continuing its efforts to force other countries to remove trade restrictions. The White House announced plans to increase tariffs on Brazilian imports by some \$105 million in retaliation for that country's barriers against U.S .-

made computer software. While watching the trade situation, Wall Street struggled to overcome its fears of the bogeyman it holds partly responsible for Black Monday. Computerized program trading, which was blamed by some experts for accelerating the Oct. 19 slide, was permitted to resume early last week. That prompted nervous traders to send the Dow Jones average falling a sharp 58.85 points on Monday. The Dow rocketed back 61.01 on Thursday, fueled by the trade-deficit improvement. The market got more good news on Friday when the Government said that wholesale prices during October fell .2%, which means that the Federal Reserve can stimulate the economy with less fear of rekindling inflation. Despite that promising sign, the Dow fell, dropping 25.20 points Friday to 1935.01, a fall of 24.04 for the week. Observers blamed the final downturn on Washington's failure to reach a budget compromise.

Wall Street, and just about everyone selse was exborring Washington last week to get moving on the budget deficit. Dechared West Germany's Finance Minister, Gerhard Stoltenberg: "The center is Washington. That's where the difficulties are coming from." In the U.S., a group of more than 150 business leaders, lawyers, educators and former Cabinet members, calling themselves the Bipartisan Budget when \$23 billion in arbitrary cuts will take whole Under the Gramm-Rudman law. The committee began the week with optimism all around, based on a plan proposed by House Minority Leader Robert Michel of Blinois that would cut the deficit by \$30 billion in fiscal 1988 and \$455 billion in fiscal 1989. Minchel proposal was considered a breaktirrough because it managed to elicit on the president of the proposal was considered a breaktirrough because it managed to elicit of the president of the presid

House and Senate Democrats then made their counterproposal, which called The 15 hagglers included, clockwise from left,

This any new taxes will include the closing of loophoise, the imposition of larger
fees for Government services, and similarly innocuous revenue raisers. For exlarly innocuous revenue raisers. For exthe income tax deduction for interest on
home-equity lonan soud be limited to the
first \$100,000 of principal. At the same
time, neither sade is pushing hard for any
titlements, which would rankle too large a
constituent group. Any such reduction in
the growth of Social Security benefits, instasts Badget Director James Miller. 'is not

For a \$28.5 billion deficit reduction in the first year and \$28.4 billion deficit reduction in the first year and \$28.4 billion deficit reduction in the first year and \$28.4 billion the second. The biggest area of different years and \$28.4 billion in new taxes the first year, while the Demo-

But the budget summiteers in Washington seemed to feel no such ground swelp, at least not last week. The group is losing a race against the calendar for an agreement on a bipartisan package of spending reductions and revenue increases before Nov. 20. for a \$28.5 billion deficit reduction in the inst year and \$58.4 billion files reduced in the first year and \$58.4 billion the second. The biggest area of difference in the two control of the proposal call of the proposal call of the proposal call call of the proposal call of carts wanted \$21.5 billion. Other disputes were smaller, though numerous. In the defense budget, the Republicans proposed a \$4.0 billion cut from the 1988 inflation. A \$4.0 billion cut from the 1988 inflation. In the proposal call of the proposal call of \$4.0 billion cut from the 1988 inflation. The proposal call of the proposal call of \$4.0 billion cut from the 1988 inflation. The proposal call of the proposal call of \$4.0 billion cut from the 1988 inflation. The proposal call of the proposal call of the such as Medicare benefits and farm subsidies, which the Republicans wanted to call the proposal call of the proposal call

Even so, some items seemed agreable to both parties. Neither side wanted to raise revenues by increasing rates on income taxes, which the President would almost certainly veto. "They say the first things the man downtown will ask are "What kind of taxes are there?" and "How much are they?" acknowledged Republican Senator Bob Packwood of Oregon.

When the meeting adjourned Wednesday night, the summiteers broke into big smiles, predicting an early agreement. But something went wrong on Thursday. Griped William Gray of Pennsylvania, chairman of the House Budget Committee: "I think everybody in the room left last night thinking we were close." What were the sudden obstacles? "Everything," replied House Majority Leader Thomas Foley of Washington. The Democrats maintained that Howard Baker, the White House chief of staff, arrived at the meeting Thursday and under orders from Reagan retracted some concessions the Administration had made earlier. Baker denied that claim: "Anyone

Economy & Business

who tries to characterize it as the White House pulling the plug is completely and totally wrong." The Administration contended that the Democrats refused to nail down any particulars.

This week the group may feel more pressure, since the deadline arrives Fri-day. Congress could seek an extension of the Gramm-Rudman date, but that would be risky unless the group produces a compromise plan beforehand. Reason: the delay might send a strong signal to the financial markets that Washington is truly incapable of making tough decisions.

Most economists believe a deflict cution encessary to prevent a loss of condence that might bring on a recession. The contrary opinion among a few thinkers is that too large a budget reduction would sap moment. But that idea seems increasingly implausable in the light of Washington's current paralysis. Says Washington's current paralysis, Says Institute. The last thing that should keep you awake right now is the fear that Congress will do to much."

he most asked economic question since Black Monday is whether the crash will bring a general slump, and yet few economists feel certain one way or another. Says Jerry Jasinowski, chief economist for the National Association of Manufacturers: "We're in the eye of a hurricane right now. All the usual indicators aren't very useful in telling what's going to happen next." While the consensus is that growth will slow to a laggard 1% or 2% early in 1988, there are no concrete signs so far of a drastic consumer-spending slowdown. Last week the Commerce Department reported that retail sales during October were up .7%, not including autos. Even with car purchases, which declined because of an end to rebate promotions, sales were off only a minuscule .1%

Yet some experts remain gloomy. "The recession is here. It arrived Oct. 20, one day after the sharp plunge in world stock values," says Vincent Malanga, a Manhattan economic consultant. "That kind of market decline is bound to have an adverse effect on consumer confidence. People will borrow less, spend less

and save more." The scrutiny of consumers by economists and the press could itself be oppressive. Says George Schink, senior vice president of WEFA Group, an economic consulting firm: "U.S. consumers are nervous because they are being talked about so much. So far, they aren't doing anything." But consumers will find it hard to remain noncommittal with the arrival of Thanksgiving and the official start of the Christmas shopping season. The amount of charge-card cheer is likely to be the most closely watched economic indicator -By Stephen Koepp. this season Reported by Richard Hornik/Washington and Wayne Syoboda/New York

Mopping Up the PCB Mess

A pipeline company must come up with a \$400 million solution

e repairman from New York's Long Island Lighting Co. was trying to fix a faulty home-heating system when he found a mysterious oily sludge in the natural-gas pipe connected to the house. LILCO soon learned that the substance contained dangerous concentrations of PCRs. a class of highly toxic industrial chemicals. That startling discovery in 1981 eventually led the Environmental Protection Agency to launch a major investigation of Texas Eastern, the Houston-based firm that supplied the gas to LILCO. Last week, in the largest settlement of an EPA case in history, Texas Eastern (1986 revenues: \$4.1 billion) agreed to

billion lbs. of PCBs throughout the world. As a result, most people have absorbed at least tiny amounts of PCBs.

Researchers do not know how danground the PCR threat is, partly because an increase in the incidence of ill effects caused by the chemicals might take a long time to show up. As a precaution, the Government has been moving to mop up the PCR mess. In 1979 Congress banned the production, sale and distribution of PCRs. Companies were permitted to keep the chemicals, as long as the machinery was carefully sealed. As the equipment wars out, owners must deposit it at federwars out, owners must deposit it at feder-



A Texas Eastern employee adjusts a valve at a pumping station in Linden, N.J.

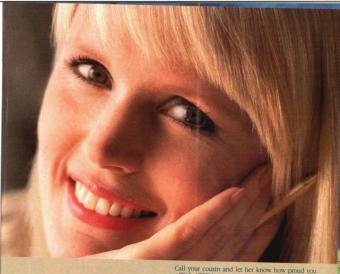
Chemicals once used to promote safety now constitute a widespread environmental hazard.

undertake a massive cleanup of PCB contamination along the company's 10,600mile network of pipelines, which runs through 14 states, from Texas to New Jersey. The cleanup will cost Texas Eastern some \$400 million, plus a \$15 million fine that the company must pay EPA.

Unfortunately, the PCB contamination at Texas Eastern is not an isolated case. Starting in the 1930s-decades before it was discovered that minute concentrations of PCBs can cause cancer in laboratory animals-the chemicals were widely used in electrical equipment as a flame retardant to reduce the risk of fires and explosions. Texas Eastern, for example, long ago put PCBs into the compressors that drive natural gas through the company's pipelines, and the stubborn residues of the chemicals are still present. The firm is only one of 14 pipeline companies the EPA has been investigating for PCB leakage. Less severe problems may exist at hundreds of other enterprises, from electric utilities to railroads. Industrial users have scattered an estimated 1.2

ally approved toxic-waste disposal sites. Such measures, however, have not stopped the spread of PCIS. In the case of Texas Eastern, the firm agreed in 1982 to clean the PCIS out of its compressors and haul the material to approved landfills. But the company continued to remove other residues—some of which also contained high levels of PCISB—from its pipe-lines. The EPA found PCI-BLaced sludge buried in rough pits at 89 company properties.

projections, times are not waiting for tipdirectives. California's Pacific Gas & Electric is voluntarily replacing equipment that contains PcEss. The project, nearly complete, has cost more than \$120, million, but the company learned the million, but the company learned as act can be costly as well. At that time, a rie in a PGAE transformer spewed Pcillades monke into a San Francisco highries. The price tag for the cleanur-\$32 million.



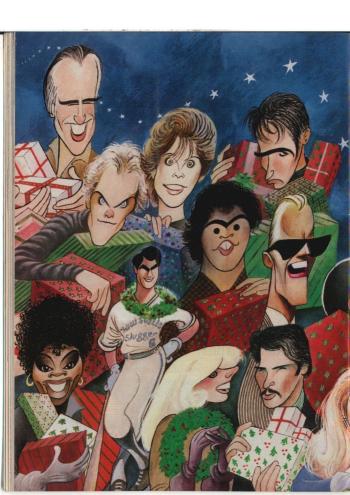
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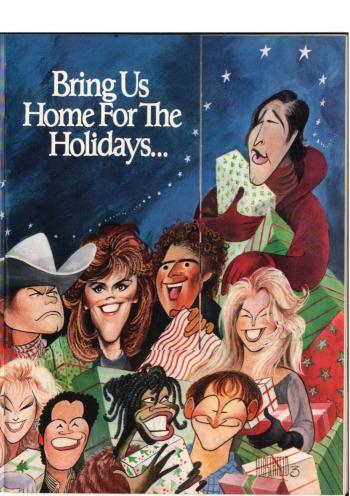
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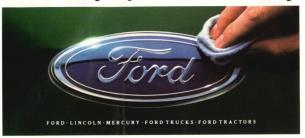
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Economy & Business

Is This Any Way to Run an Airline?

New layoffs at Texas Air threaten to worsen flagging morale

utside the Eastern Airlines compound that sits along the northeast perimeter of Miami International Airport, the temperature was a pleasant 75° and palm trees swayed in a gentle breeze. But inside a first-floor conference room in Eastern's boxlike concrete-and-glass headquarters, the scene was stormy. Under the harsh glare of a battery of television lights, executives of the 60-year-old airline last week announced the layoff of more than 3,500 employees, or 9% of the work force, sparing only pilots and flight attendants. Said Luz Gomez, 26, a laid-off clerical worker: "I don't know how they are going to do without us.

Gomez is not the only one wondering

industry where service is crucial, employees and top management at Eastern and Continental seem too busy warring with each other to satisfy customers' needs.

That perception has propelled some passengers toward rival ticket counters. Texas Air has suffered three consecutive quarterly losses exceeding \$200 million. is expected to lose an additional \$50 million by year's end, and could far far worse if a recession comes along. Lorenzo concession comes along. Lorenzo concession comes along. Lorenzo concession comes along. Lorenzo concession comes along. Torenzo concess

Lorenzo, an avid runner, has been racing to improve his airlines' mediocre

the highest level of customer complaints, Northwest seems to lose baggage more often than other airlines. Pan Am had the highest rates of passenger bumpings and chronically late flights.

Eastern is easily Lorenzo's most troubled carrier. It accounted for \$67.4 million of Texas Air's latest \$72.8 million quarterly loss, and the chairman has grumbled about the airline's costs. Eastern spends \$1.7 billion a year, or \$42,300 per employee, on labor alone. The average at Continental: \$28,200. The disparity has prompted Lorenzo to seek wage cuts averaging 40% in current contract talks with the union representing Eastern's 13,000 machinists, baggage handlers, stock clerks and maintenance workers. But as a Dec. 31 deadline looms, the union is seeking 20% hikes. The machinists charge that last week's layoffs are an attempt to bully the union into accepting pay cuts. Lorenzo, who argues that East-



Continental's baggage handlers got good marks in the federal survey



The union representing Eastern mechanics wants 20% wage hikes

what is going on in the sprawling, demoralized empire controlled by Eastern's corporate parent, Texas Air. Over the past two years Chairman Frank Lorenzo has fashioned a ragtag collection of disparate and sometimes dying carriers into the largest U.S. airline company (1986 revenues: \$4.4 billion). Besides Eastern, Texas Air runs Continental, which has absorbed New York Air, Frontier and People Express. All told, Lorenzo and his lieutenants oversee 628 jets and 72,500 employees, ferrying 94 million passengers (roughly the combined populations of France and Spain) on more than I million flights each year

But as velve-voiced airline captains say in their understated way; Texus Air is experiencing some turbulence. Acquisitiveness has bred turmoil growing labor unrest, flagging employee spirit and complaints alleging poor service and aircraft maintenance. Wall Street analysis wonder if the company expanded too much and too fast. They question whether Lorenzo, a whiz at financing and acquisitions, has the attention span needed for the details of running a huge airline. In an

performance, and there were signs last week that he has achieved some success. A study released by the Department of Transportation showed Eastern and Continental outperforming the industry average in two areas making sure that flights arrive within 15 minutes of schedule and keeping bagage from getting lost. But agency critics question DOT's reliance on airline-supplied figures for the report, which marks the first Government effort to quantify the service of US. Carriers.

A suning the airlines are reporting statistics occurrelly. Texas Art still has a way to go. Only Northwest generated more complaints (18 per 100,000) and Eastern (13 per 100,000) and Eastern (13 per 100,000) and Eastern (13 per 100,000). Among major carriers, American came out best in the survey, achieving the highset percentage of on-time flights (845%) and the lowest incidence of customers bestep termedage of on-time flights (845%) and the lowest incidence of customers beginning of many places because of overpounded from the complex of the customers because of the customers besupported from the customers besupported from the customers before the customers besupported from the customers besupported from the customers besupported from the customers between the customers and the customers between the customers and the customers are customers and the customers are customers and the customers are customers. The customers are customers are customers and the customers are customers. The customers are customers are customers are customers and the customers are customers and the customers are customers are customers are customers and customers are customers and customers are customers are customers are customers are customers and customers are customers are customers are customers are customers and customers are c ern's survival is at stake, will meet further resistance in 1988 when he goes after concessions from the 3,800 pilots and 47,500 flight attendants. Says Louis Marckesano, an analyst at Janney Montgomery Scott: "It's like two giant locomotives heading toward each other at full speed."

In addition to slashing Eastern's work force, Lorenzo is making another move to shrink the airline. Eastern officials disclosed last week that the popular Northeastern shuttle serving Washington, New York and Boston is being split off as a separate division of Texas Air. That may enable Lorenzo to use low-cost, nonunion labor on the shuttle.

One of the most contentious issues facing Eastern is the charge by employees that the airline skimps on maintenance. On many occasions this year, pilots have removed the content of the c

to conduct a work slowdown and put economic pressure on the company

Nonetheless, the employees' unhappiness is real. More than 96% of Eastern pilots surveyed earlier this year by Virginia Tech researchers voiced dissatisfaction with their jobs. Company insiders say pilots are quitting at the rate of one a day, "We've always run a quality airline, among the best in the world," sighs Co-Pilot Glenn Rutland, 42, an 18-year veteran. "Now we are the world's worst.

A similar malaise afflicts some workers at Continental. Employees still resent the way Lorenzo busted the pilots' union during its two-year strike that ended in 1985; the walkout began when he put Continental into bankruptcy proceedings and forced workers to accept 50% pay cuts. Some employees contend that Continental too is sloppy about maintenance. In October, one pilot says, he was told to fly a jetliner with a broken radar device into an area that was being buffeted by thunderstorms. When he refused, supervisors had the balking captain switch planes with another pilot, who agreed to fly the aircraft with the radar problem. Fed up with such episodes, the captain forsakes discounts of nearly 100% to buy his 16-year-old daughter full-fare tickets

on competing airlines. Says he: "I won't have her fly on Continental

Lorenzo dismisses such worries as ridiculous. "Continental is the safest airline in the sky," he asserts. "Nothing has a higher priority." He attributes much of the grousing to propaganda emanating from the Air Line Pilots Association as it tries to reorganize Continental's 3,500 pilots. So far, ALPA claims, 35% of the line's pilots have shown interest in joining up. An election could be held next year

W hile sparring with the union, Continental executives have launched an all-out campaign to win back customers The airline has begun keeping on call at the Newark, Denver and Houston airports "hot spares"-fueled-up planes with standby crews ready to step in if another jet develops difficulties that prevent its takeoff. The airline is spending \$60 million this year on employee training. Customers receive cash rebates of \$10 to \$50 for filling out "report cards" grading the carrier's performance. Capping these efforts is an advertising blitz featuring fullpage confessionals in major publications. We grew so fast that we made mistakes, concede the ads, which promise an "intensified commitment to quality.

The ads were signed by Lorenzo, wi critics suggest is responsible for many Texas Air's woes. Few airline executive elicit as much personal enmity from the troops as he does. And high-level suborder nates have not found it easy to deal wit the workaholic chairman, who often tel phones them late at night with probin questions. Tom Volz, a former Contine tal senior vice president who now run Las Vegas-based Sunworld Airways, say Lorenzo is "more interested in new dea

than food quality and cleaner planes. He may have to focus on the econmy. Some analysts think that Texas Air enormous \$4.5 billion debt would make the company vulnerable in a recession But Lorenzo notes that Texas Air has \$1 billion in cash. And, he says, Contine tal's low costs and fares would make th company more able than most compet tors to weather an economic downtur Says Lorenzo: "We're putting a lot offect blood, sweat and tears into a compar that has the attributes to be successful. Maybe so, but the fastest way to makDLLE customer confidence take off might be t turn a divided work force into one that -By Gordon Bock ar pulling together.

Reported by Rodman Griffin/Miaml and Richar Woodbury/Houston

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Lorenzo: In the Cockpit

In his undergraduate days at Columbia in the early 1960s, classmates dubbed Frank Lorenzo "Frankie Smooth Talk. But as chairman of Texas Air in the 1980s, Lorenzo saves his talking for Wall Street and the boardroom, granting few interviews. In a rare 45-minute conversation last week with Richard Woodbury, TIME's Houston bureau chief, the feisty chairman answered his critics. Some excerpts:

On Texas Air's postmerger growing pains. Putting together the companies produced more disruption than ever expected. That had the impact of upsetting a lot of our passengers. We underestimated the time it would take to get employees trained. There's just no book they give out saying, "This is how you merge companies."

On cutbacks at Eastern Airlines. There is no future for Eastern unless it restructures its labor costs. Eastern has laid out a game plan that makes obvious sense,

not one that will win a popularity contest among unionized employees. But it happens to work. When you're losing the kind of money Eastern is, you don't grow. You pull back.

On the coming labor negotiations at Eastern. We have to go through the negotiations to save this company. We'd love nothing more than to invite union leaders in, exchange Sheaffer pens, sign contracts and have a nice deal. The world just doesn't allow that. I haven't found anybody else who writes the paychecks at Eastern That's something people forget. There aren't a lot of jobs going looking for homes in South Florida

On alleged safety problems at Eastern. Pilots pass out postcards to be sent to Government officials when there's a spot on a windshield or an altimeter a few feet off. It's their way of negotiating. What it really does is limit what they can negotiate, since they are hurting the company financially.

On the economy. If the consumer in a recession gets picky, he will get picky about airline prices. As a lower-cost airline, we have an obvious ability to withstand a lower price structure. If you have fewer passengers chasing the same number of seats, prices go down. We could do it and be profitable. [Traffic] will go up. The question is who gets what share.

On his management style. I've been chief executive of this company for 15 years. You don't lead a company by standing on top of a windmill slashing at the winds. You do it by understanding the pieces of the business and building the people to get it done

On telling customers the truth. Continental is in the process of changing right now, but not because we're telling the world it's hunky-dory. It's changing because we've gone to the public and tried to be straightforward about difficulties we've gone through.

> On goals. We want to take a viable company into the 1990s. We've never had a "size" goal per se, although you do need critical mass to be one of the survivors. Service is going to be critical to how popular our product is. It takes a while for individual perceptions to wear off, but product after product-not just Tylenolhas gone through difficult periods of perception and changed fairly dramatically.



The chairman talks tough on jobs and costs

Business Notes





CTIBLES

ng, Going, Gone

the gavel came down e auctioneer said "Sold. nding-room-only crowd eby's in New York City , and then broke into se. Vincent van Gogh's masterpiece Irises had een bought by an unforeign bidder for \$53.9 , the highest price paid artwork at auction e sale smashed the rec-

t just eight months ago other Van Gogh, Suns, which was bought by a ese insurance company e seemingly untoppable f \$39.9 million. Four of highest prices ever paid auctions have been d by Van Gogh's works the past two years. Dutch artist has long evered for his mesmerizbright colors and thick, , even violent brushs, but some experts think dden Van Gogh craze de-

planation esides confirming Van 's status, last week's sale red collectors that the wealth generated by Ocs stock crash would not diately depress the art et. Says Jay Goldinger, of the Early Warning financial newsletter: e are a lot of people out who are disgusted with tock market, and some ook more to art."

And to Van Gogh. The irony is that the artist never had an inkling of how precious his work would become. Van Gogh sold only one painting in his life-The Red Vineyard, for about \$80-and died a pauper.

RETAILING

A Parisian In Denver

Many Americans cannot get along without French clothing, wine and perfume, even if the value of the dollar is falling. But do Americans need a French department store? A Denver-based developer, Realities Inc., thinks so. Hoping to capitalize on one of the great names in European retailing, Realities has opened the first U.S. franchise of Paris' 122vear-old Printemps department-store chain.

The new glass-and-stone facade of the American Printemps, in an old commercial area of Denver, is a far cry from the 19th century belle époque building that houses the Printemps on the Boulevard Haussmann in Paris. But the U.S. owners have tried to recreate a bit of French style: the Denver store features a bistro and a sweeping operatic staircase backlit by a skylight. The merchandise is more eclectic: such famous French names as Claude Montana and Hermès are well represented, but so are Perry Ellis, Anne Klein and other American labels.

JOINT VENTURES

Glasnost Makes a Deal

In the year since Mikhail Gorbachev announced a sweetening of incentives for foreign investment in Soviet industry, many U.S. corporations have nibbled but none have bitten until now. Last week a Connecticut petroleum-engineering firm signed up for a \$16 million U.S.-Soviet joint venture to develop control systems for oil refineries and petrochemical plants. Combustion Engineering of Stamford will supply the technological know-how, while the Soviet oil ministry provides equipment and labor. Although control over the venture is tipped 51% to 49% in favor of the Soviets. the pact offers something for both sides: Moscow gets access to badly needed technology, and Combustion Engineering gets a foothold in the world's largest oil industry.

BANKING Of Furs and **Feminists**

Founded twelve years ago by feminist activists, the First Women's Bank of New York has helped demolish several old-fashioned notions, like the idea that women are not well suited to handle money. But the bank is not above appealing to stereotypical womanly values. It now offers fine sable coats, in lieu of interest, to bigtime customers. A deposit of \$50,000 for five years earns a Canadian sable worth \$25,000. or putting down \$100,000 brings a \$60,000 Russian coat. The furs are the equivalent of an 111/4% interest rate. The offer strikes many feminists as ironic and animal lovers as outrageous.

INVESTORS

I Just Called To Say "Help!"

The panic that set off the Black Monday stock-market plunge has faded, but for many investors the pain remains. To help those victimized by the crash, the North American Securities Administrators Association. an organization of state regulators, has set up a toll-free hotline number (1-800-942-9022). On the line are volunteer securities examiners, who tell callers how to contact the appropriate state regulator if they seem to have been duped by an unethical broker.

So far, the hot line has received 500 calls a day, or five times the number expected. A 55-year-old quadriplegic from Houston complained that her life savings of \$30,000 disappeared because she had been talked into gambling on risky stock options. Several callers have been referred to mentalhealth professionals.

OVEMBER 23, 1987

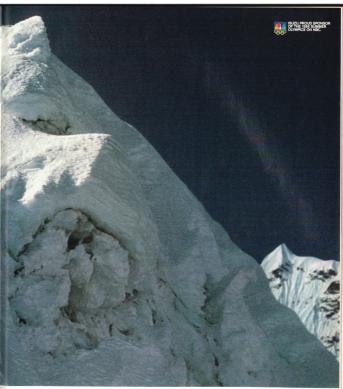


What a snowjob.

The truth is, if you want to reach the top of Mt. Everest, you'd be better off driving a yak. On the other hand, you don't have to beat a Trooper II with a stick to get it moving.

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you've got 71 cubic feet of storage space. And unlike a yak, a Trooper II can be ordered with automatic transmission, captain's chairs, and 2-door or 4-door body styles.

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THE LUCKY GAMBLER

SIR JAMES GOLDSMITH is a

billionaire buccaneer (yes, even after the crash) who loves luxury almost as much as he relishes lecturing the world about its business

usck, be a lady tonight. When Jimmy Goldsmith's first son was about to be born. In 1959, he insisted on getting a private room at the best clinic in Paris, even though he didn't have any money to pay for it. Then he went to the Travellers Club on the Champs Elysées and found a rich man whom he could entice into a game of backgammon. "He finally got me out of the clinic," says Ginette Goldsmith, whom Goldsmith when Goldsmith when Goldsmith whom Goldsmith when Goldsmit

Their son Manes is 28 now, working in Mexico City for the Mexican national football team, and Jimmy Goldsmith, officially Sir James Goldsmith, is not exactly penniless anymore. His net work in estimated to be more than \$1.2 billion, more. His net work in estimated to be more than \$1.2 billion, chain to a publishing house in Paris to some oil wells in Guachain to a publishing house in Paris to some oil wells in Guachain to a publishing house in Paris to some oil wells in Guachain to a publishing house in Paris to some oil wells in Guachain to a publishing house hand he can be liquidated most of his French and British holdings in recent months—"The got my bundle," he likes to say in these postcrash May—he has \$200 million in cesh and about-elem socurities, the same postcrash which was not to be a support to the proposition of the same and best elemen socurities to rin today's markets but gives him the freedom to lecture the world on his views.

Goldsmith also still has Ginette, after a fashion. Now 51 and divorced since 1978, she lives in one wing of Goldsmith's Tudor-style Paris mansion, originally built for the brother of King Louis XIV. In the other wing of the same estate, across a courtyard bright with impatiens, lives Goldsmith's companion, Laure Boulay de la Meurthe, 36, a slim beauty with waist-length brown hair, and their four-year-old daughter Charlotte. De la Meurthe is the editor of a monthly style section in L'Express, the weekly newsmagazine that Goldsmith controls. There is also Goldsmith's legal wife Lady Annabel, who lives in a Georgian mansion outside London, where Goldsmith spends a few months every year. Asked how he manages to keep three menages (there are seven children in all) in such a state of contented coexistence. Goldsmith said. "Money helps. Goldsmith not only likes making lots of money, he likes

spending lots of money, "I don't understand people like Warren Buffett," he says of the parsimonious Nebraskan financier, "No pride themselves on living in their first house and driving a used Chevy to work, despite being billionaires." Aside from Goldsmith's Paris home and his town houses in New York and London—all filled with antique flurniture, publidings, statuses, sids hangings—he has just acquired a publicing, statuses, sids hangings—he has just acquired a fiftering from the control of the control of

Goldsmith is eating quail as he speaks, washing it down with a vintage claret. He is entertaining a visitor at Laurent, an elegant one-star restaurant off the Champs Elysées. He happens to own the place. He bought it on impulse more than ten years ago, after a late-night party there.

"My roots and my heart are in France." he says as he lights a Monte Cristo. But though he holds citizenship in both Britain and France, he doesn't want their official honors and no longer has any interest in being Bir James. "I wouldn't accept that title today," he says, "nor any other decoration from a government, such as the French Legion of Honor. I want to be free. I guess that's what having money really means to me."

This is not a tale of rags to riches. The Goldschmidts, like their neighbors and relatives the Rottschilds, had been prosperous merchant bankers in Frankfurt since the 16th century. When Jimmy's grandfather Adolph came to London in 1895, he came as a millionaire and bought a mansion off Park Lane. Jimmy's father Frank, who changed his name to Goldsmith, went to Oxford, fought at Gallipoin, at in Parliament, but Gound London's wartime anti-German emotions so patinful that he moved to France, married a French wife and prospered in the hotel business. He lived in a world of 1933, Jimmy. When he was six years old. according to a new biography by Gorffrey Wansell, Proor, a woman gave him a 1-france oin. He put it in a slot machine and was inundated by a shower of Coffrey.

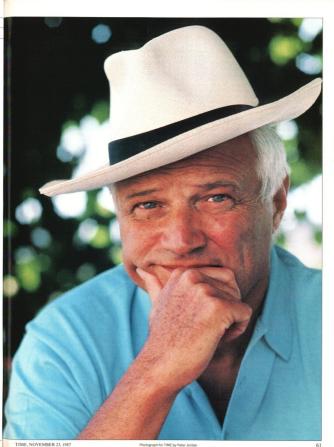
y the time Jimmy went to Eton, he devoted much time and thought to playing the brose. At 16, be invested £ 10 in a three-horse parlay and collected £ 8,000. He decided that Eton was no longer worthy of his time. He bought himself a car and headed for Oxford, where although not enrolled as a student belaward about chemin de fer and girls. When the subject of a career eventually came up. Jimmy served a brief stim the Royal Artillery. He later went to Paris and joined his older brother Teddy in a tiny pharmaceutical business.

Jimmy at 20 was big and tall, 6 ft. 4 in, with bright blue eyes, and his pursuit of romance some old him to Maria fashella Patino, 18. She was the beautiful daughter of Bolivian Tin Millionatic Dan Antenor Patino, who had brought her to Paris to meet a prospective hashband. Instead, the met and fell in law Patino had in mind. "Young man, we come from an old Catholic family," said Don Antenor when Jimmy went to ask his consent for the marriage.

"Perfect, we come from an old Jewish family," said

"It is not our habit to marry Jews," said Don Antenor.
"It is not our habit to marry Indians," said Jimmy.

Don Antenor shipped his daughter off to North Africa



"HE'S AN ENGLISH

ECCENTRIC IN THE

downright reactionary,

BEST SENSE OF

the term," says a

former associate.

"He is sometimes

but he is also

ferociously anti-

with a chaperone. Jimmy chartered a plane and pursued her. The Patiño ménage doubled back to Paris. Jimmy found her there and persuaded her to elope with him to Scotland, where no parental consent was needed after the age of 18. Don Antenor chased the fugitives to Edinburgh and hired detectives to find them. By now reporters were also in hot pursuit of the couple they continually referred to as the playboy and the heiress. The fugitives hid in various friends' houses for the three weeks required to establish Scottish residence, then got married. Don Antenor went to court to have the marriage annulled, but lost, "They can expect no financial assistance from me," said Don Antenor as he disinherited his defiant daughter.

She was by now pregnant, but just before the birth, she suffered a massive cerebral hemorrhage. Shortly after the baby was delivered by Cesarean section, she died, at 18, having known Jimmy less than a year. The griefstricken widower went on a short trip to West Africa, and when he returned, he found that the Patiño family had kidnaped the baby, claiming Jimmy was an unfit father.

He went to court and got the baby back Despite Goldsmith's vouthful reputation as a scape-

grace playboy, there are other patterns here: a determination to do exactly as he pleased, an insistence on living well, a readiness to fight anyone who opposed his wishes, a willingness to take risks, a confidence that more money could always be found. Such patterns, combined with shrewdness and luck, make a success in business all but inevitable. His pharmaceutical business grew rapidly, too rapidly. At one point, he was on the verge of bankruptcy, then discovered on the day that his notes came due that the Paris banks had all gone on strike, thus giving him time to raise more money

Establishment, left, right and center.' He invaded Britain in 1957, gained control of the British food company Bovril in 1971, reorganized it, moved on to the

U.S. in 1973, acquired the ailing Grand Union chain for \$62 million, reorganized it, launched a raid on Diamond International, began eyeing St. Regis, the Continental Group, Colgate-Palmolive, Crown Zellerbach, Goodyear Tire & Rubber, Pan Am. He operated through a network of Panamanian and Caribbean holding companies, all ultimately controlled by an organization called the Brunneria Foundation, headquartered in Liechtenstein and entirely owned by Goldsmith and his family,

People in America were willing to work much harder than in Britain," Goldsmith says, rubbing a lemon-size piece of amber as he paces up and down in an almost bare penthouse office, which overlooks the Arc de Triomphe in Paris. "Most people forget that America's strength is not its culture but its ideology, and that ideology is freedom.

Goldsmith's takeover strategy was simple. His targets were almost invariably old companies that had strayed from their original purpose through diversification, acquired too many senior managers, and were selling at a good deal below their breakup value. He would break them up, sell off the odds and ends, streamline the core and move on to the next project. Goodyear, which Goldsmith tried to acquire last year, provides a good example. The company's original purpose, he told a congressional committee, "was to build better tires, cheaper, and sell them harder," but it diversified into oil and gas, started building an expensive pipeline, dropped \$214 million and was losing tire sales to the South Koreans. Goodyear survived only with the help of favorable legislation, and when the battle was over Akron's mayor expressed the local sentiments by saying, "We kicked that slimy bastard out." But Goldsmith ended with a profit of \$93 million, and Goodyear adopted many of his ideas for a return to profitability

Goldsmith can be ruthless in his pursuit of profits. There is a lot of internal rage in Jimmy," says John Train, a New York financier who knows him well, and Goldsmith himself acknowledges, "When I fight, I fight with a knife." Yet he is rather different from the standard buccaneer. When Ivan Boesky moved uptown from Wall Street in 1985, he rented a suite of offices in the same building that housed Goldsmith's New York headquarters, 630 Fifth Avenue, and then asked for a meeting. "He spent most of his time telling me about all the contributions he was making to charity," Goldsmith recalls. "That put me off right there." He refused to have any further business or social contact with Boesky, and when Boesky

subsequently admitted to insider stock trading, Goldsmith remarked of his neighbor, "Boesky crawled out of a drain

Goldsmith is fiercely anti-Communist, extravagantly so. "Jimmy believes," says an old friend, "that the KGB is using the global media to destabilize public opinion and spread lies." Goldsmith is just as fiercely critical of the business establishment. which he calls corpocracy. Big companies, he says, are in league with big government and big unions to stifle change and progress. "With the return of the Democrats to power over both houses of Congress," he says, "you are once more suffering the outrages of that triangular alliance.

And then there is AIDS. Goldsmith repeatedly brings it up in conversations. He believes it threatens to kill most of the human race-"it could be up to 98% of mankind." This champion of individual enterprise urges that the U.S. join with the despised Soviets and "pool their resources in a massive research effort to find a way to prevent the spread of AIDS," "The thing about Jimmy," says Olivier Todd, whom Goldsmith fired as editor of L'Express for favoring the Socialists in the 1981 election, "is that he's an English eccentric in the best sense of the term. He's sometimes downright reactionary, but he is also ferociously anti-Establishment, left, right and center.

As he looks ahead, Goldsmith sees grim possibilities. He thinks the U.S. leaders may be "surrendering their economic power to Japan and military power to Moscow." But then doubts recur. He clutches again at his amber and gnaws on the butt end of a cigar. "I used to be so sure," he says. "Now I'm in a period of total lack of certainty.

What will Goldsmith do with his billion or so in these uncertain times? Perhaps Goldsmith himself does not know. "He's very superstitious." says a colleague who knows him well. "He won't open an umbrella inside the house. He believes in luck. He believes in fate. From all that has happened, he has good reason to." -By Otto Friedrich. Reported by Frederick Ungeheuer/New York

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People

No one is quicker-or slicker-with a gun than Sonny Crockett, but after years of collaring bad guys in style. Miami Vice's designer lawman has finally met his match. At the altar, that is. This Friday, millions of women will take a shot in the heart as Crockett, a.k.a. Don Johnson, ties the knot. Crockett gets hitched after he is assigned to protect a singer. played by Pop Princess Sheena Easton (For Your Eyes Only), and decides to take his work home-for good. "It's whirl-



Miamimates: Johnson Faston

wind," says Easton, who has a new album in the works. "The episode is called 'Like a Hurricane,' and that kind of describes the relationship." Don' expect the high winds to continue off the set, however. "There's a big difference." Easton reports. "We're acting, We're not doing it in real life." Well, Crockett always did perform best undercover.

When his name was announced at the National Book Awards ceremony in New York City last week, Larry Heinemann did not have to feign surprise at being the fiction winner; he was truly stunned. In fact. there was a moment of silence as author and audience absorbed the fact that Heinemann's novel Paco's Story (Farrar. Straus & Giroux) had beat out the two overwhelming favorites in the fiction category.

and Philip Roth's The Counterlife. "When I used to teach writing," says Heinemann, 43, "it was [Roth's and Morrison's] writing I would assign to my students." The story of a Viet Nam veteran who struggles to cope with life back in the U.S., Paco is the second book of a planned trilogy on the war. Heinemann, himself a Viet Nam vet-he served one year as an Army infantryman-lives in Chicago with his wife and two children. He will receive \$10,000 with the prize, but the recognition it brings is priceless. Says he: "It means that I can call myself a writer, with a straight face.'

"Extreme rock is our busi-

ness," explains David Lee Roth. No question about that. But even Roth's staunchest fans might be surprised to learn that the former Van Halen lead singer's repertoire includes solid granite. On the cover of his new album, Skyscraper, due in January. Roth is pictured at one of his favorite pastimes—climbing the face of Half Dome in California's Yosemite National Park. "Rock climbing is a perfect working metaphor for show business," says Roth, 32, who has been scaling the outdoor heights for about three years. "It's a vertical world. Either straight up or straight down. An avid bicyclist and joggerhe ran this year's New York City Marathon-Roth has climbed in New Guinea and the Amazon. Still, he finds such daredevil exploits tame compared with the jungle of his concert tours, which he calls the "deepest, darkest wilds you can imagine." So far, though, Bwana Roth has no plans to per-



form with a net.

Turbina: portrait of the artist as a young girl



Hard rocker: Roth hitting a high note in Yosemite National Park

God, war and death are hardly the concerns of an ordinary child of twelve. But then there's almost nothing ordinary about Soviet Poet Nika Turbina. She began composing poetry at age four and had her work published in Komsomolskaya Pravda when she was seven. Last

week the preteen prodigy was in the U.S. for a series of readings and to promote a Russian-English edition of First Draft, a collection of 76 of her early poemswritten between ages five and eight. The volume, which will be available here in January. features an introduction by Soviet Poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko, who calls the book a "unique phe-nomenon." Turbina denies it. "There is noth-

insists. Indeed, during her stay in the U.S. she found time to act her age, visiting the Gap, F.A.O. Schwarz and Disney World. She even bought Ken and Barbie dolls to take home to Yalta. But her real passion is reading, "Life would not be interesting without books," she observes. However, as her elders know all too well, knowledge can be disturbing. Says Turbina: "What frightens me is indifference. It can devour the world, our tiny little planet, the little heart that beats in the universe." Or, as she writes in Telling Fortunes: "What a shame that/ I'm not a fortune teller./ I would tell fortunes/ only with flowers/ and I would heal/ the earth's wounds/ with a rainbow

ing special about me," she

—By Guy D. Garcia. Reported by

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U.S. team at the 1982 World Championships at Minsk, where 120,000 Russian spectators turned out for the finals. The Americans fared so badly that laughter was heard from the crowd.

One reason for the U.S. team's great leap forward is money. Thanks to a \$1.3 million infusion from the profits earned at the Los Angeles Summer Games, the U.S. Biathlon Team hired Sigvart Biontegaard, Norway's former junior champion, as its first full time coach. The team is also supported by expert ski waxers, trainers, masseurs and even sports psychologists. While American women have also shown rapid progress, women's biathlon is not expected to become an Olympic event until

Scoring a breakthrough

To be a top biathlete today means adapting to new methods. When Bill Koch won the silver in 1984, he pioneered a new "skating" style of cross country skiing. His performance spelled an end to the days when ski racers glided ahead, poling to one side and then to the other with long graceful strides. Now everyone is learning to 'skate', a technique in which the skier takes two strides to either side before planting both poles in front of his skis and pushing off again.

Teaching old dogs new tricks isn't easy. "It's almost like learning a new sport," says Lyle Nelson, who, at 38, hopes to be on the U.S. Olympic team for the fourth time. Yet Coach Biontegaard, who has conducted a painstaking analysis of the dynamics of "skating", believes the U.S. skiers have mastered the technique much faster than the Europeans. "We are ahead." he says. "No doubt about it."

Win or lose in February, Thompson's feat at Lake Placid has already won U.S. biathletes global respect. So one thing is certain: spectators in Calgary can expect an impressive display of skill from the U.S. team.



Josh Thompson takes aim with the lightweight rifle stock designed by teammate Glen Eberle.

a minute-while periodically trying to hit five bull's-eyes in a row with a .22 rifle at 50 meters. Which is a little like slam dancing all night and then being asked to perform brain surgery.

For all his new celebrity, Thompson remains a taciturn figure who talks like he skis: single-mindedly, as if unnecessary words wasted energy. He was drawn to biathlon, he says, because "it was hard." How does he relax? "I train." He adds: "I hate to sit." He has, however, sat still long enough to earn a biology degree from Western State College in Colorado. He has also taught himself Norwegian and German while training in Europe

A lot is riding on Thompson at Calgary. A medal would bring national recognition to biathlon much as Bill Koch's first-ever U.S. silver at the 1984 Games put cross country skiing on the map. Thompson is not the only outstanding U.S. biathlete Americans Willie Carow, Raimond Dombrovskis and Jon Engen are also medal contenders

Team efforts pay off

Just getting this far took some doing. For years, the U.S. Biathlon Association operated on a budget of \$60,000 a year. Even today, the number of serious biathletes in the U.S. totals less than 1.000. In contrast, there are over 60,000 registered biathletes in the U.S.S.R. Women's biathlon coach Ruger can well remember representing the

km course he was less than a minute behind Frank-Peter Roetsch-the best of the East Germans and the best in the

Championships in Lake Placid, N.Y.,

Josh Thompson, a young Coloradan,

put on a display of blistering speed and

crack shooting rarely demonstrated by

an American. When he finished the 20

abroad

world. That won Thompson a silver medal-and marked the first time an American had made it into the top ten at the World Championships in 27

New hopes for biathlon victory Thompson, the 25-year-old son of a park ranger, learned to ski almost as

soon as he could walk and is favored to win a medal at the Calgary Winter Olympics. "Josh has as strong a mental attitude as anyone in the sport," says former U.S. Olympian John Ruger, now coach of the national women's biathlon team.

An accomplished collegiate cross country skiier. Thompson took to biathlon because he liked the extra mental challenge of skiing flat out with his heart pounding at up to 190 beats

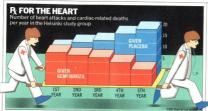


Glen Eberle (left) and Josh Thompson (right) demonstrate the U.S. team's strength in cross country "skating".





Medicine



The Battle of the Lipoproteins

One type of cholesterol may lower the risk of heart disease

C holesterol, the fatty substance that can clog arteries and induce heart attacks, plays a role in 85% of America's 550,000 annual deaths resulting from coronary heart disease. Ridding the bloodstream of the stuff through exercise and proper diet has become a standard health regimen. Last week, however, in a landmark paper in the New England Journal of Medicine, a group of Finnish scientists provided dramatic endorsement for a drug that drastically lowers the incidence of such disease, chiefly by raising the blood levels of a type of cholesterol

The drug, called gemfibrozil, was originally approved for treatment of a pancreatic disorder. In a five-year study of more than 4,000 Finnish men, those treated with the drug suffered only twothirds as many heart attacks and cardiac-related deaths. After three years of treatment, that fraction dropped to less than half. "This is the largest decrease in coronary disease seen in any trial," said Heikki Frick, a University of Helsinki scientist who took over the study in 1986 after its originator, Cardiologist Esko Nikkilä, died in an auto accident

The experiment was designed to show the differing effects of two distinct types of cholesterol: low-density lipoproteins, or LDLs, and a variant known as high-density lipoproteins, or HDLs. LDLs are the villains of cardiology: these complex molecules ferry cholesterol through the blood vessels, allowing life-threatening deposits to accumulate within artery walls. Each 1% decrease in LDL levels lowers the risk of heart disease 2%. The "good" HDLs work as garbage trucks, sopping up excess cholesterol and inhibiting arterial deposits. Basically, these two substances make up the total human blood-cholesterol level, an indicator that signals vulnerability to coronary illness.

The Finnish study shows that raising HDL levels also leads to a decreased risk of heart disease. Each of the participants while otherwise healthy, was chosen for his high overall cholesterol level. Starting in 1981, doctors gave half the test group gemfibrozil, which, among other effects, increases HDL while moderately lowering LDL. The other half received a placebo. More than 82,000 visits to the clinic and 500,000 blood tests later, the LDL levels of the men given gemfibrozil had dropped 8% and their HDL levels had risen more than 10%

Using complex statistical analyses, the Finns ruled out every potential cause for the benefit except higher HDL levels. Says Antonio Gotto, a cholesterol expert at Baylor College of Medicine in Houston: "The garden-variety person with cardiovascular disease, maybe 60% of heart-attack patients, has a low HDL level and only a moderately high LDL level. Changing HDL levels will be very important for them.

Physicians advise that the study results do not point to a miracle drug that will provide a risk-free cure for heart disease. For example, gemfibrozil seems to predispose people to develop gallstones. Moreover, doctors recommend that anticholesterol drugs, including lovastatin, which was approved by the Food and Drug Administration in September, should be used only as a last

What the Helsinki study does make clear is that treatment to lessen the risk of heart attacks should concentrate as much on raising deficient HDL levels as on lowering dangerous LDL levels. That conclusion alone could point to longer life and better health for thousands each year.

-By Christine Gorman

Go-Ahead for a **Wonder Drug**

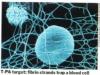
After months of controversy, the Food and Drug Administration last week ended its ambivalent attitude toward a genetically engineered drug that dissolves blood clots. FDA Commissioner Frank Young announced that the agency had approved the use of tissue plasminogen activator, or t-PA, as an emergency treatment for heart attacks. The drug activates an enzyme that destroys fibrin, the protein that binds clots together. Arterial clotting is thought to be a factor in most of the 1.5 mil-

lion heart attacks suffered annually in the U.S., so t-PA could save thousands of lives. With an injection of the drug, said Young, "the odds of surviving a heart attack are dramatically improved.

The FDA did not always

feel that way. Despite successful clinical trials of t-PA, an FDA advisory committee had unanimously voted last May not to approve it. No one disputed that t-PA could dissolve clots, but debate raged over two main points: whether the drug increased the survival rate of heart-attack victims, and whether its benefits outweighed the risks. T-PA's tendency to induce bleeding caused strokes in a number of patients. The agency then asked the drug's developer, south San Francisco-based Genentech, to provide further data.

Young established a sec-



cision on two new studies showing that the heart's ability to pump blood increases after administration of t-PA. This indicates the drug can limit damage during a heart attack. However, says Har-

ond panel, which based its de-

vard Cardiologist Eugene Braunwald, t-PA has to be given within four to six hours after symptoms occur.

T-PA, which is al-ready sold abroad, will be marketed under the brand name Activase. Genentech officials say the drug, which costs about \$2,000 a treatment, could be available in two or three weeks



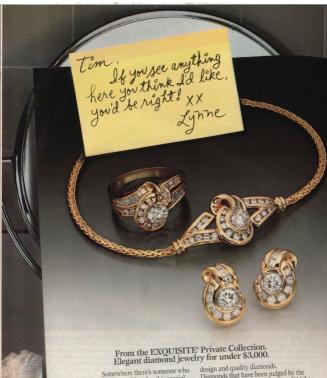
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Education

Raiders in the Groves of Academe

With bucks and boons, universities hijack rival faculty stars

The salary and part at Rutgers sounded fat: nearly \$100,000 a year, plus \$1 million for equipment to use in a spanking new physics building. So why stay at the University of Pennsylvania for half the money? Physicist Torgny Gustafsson, 41, didn't. He jumped. murmuring, "I couldn't wish for anything better.

Neither could Universiof Kansas Sociologist Jill Quadagno, who doubled her salary and got a lush travel allowance when she switched this fall to Florida State University. It was also-in the trade's patoisa "two-cushioned" slot, with a job for her physiologist husband David. "We just had to Bateson: rara avis for George Mason Lewis: first-class ticket to Rutgers do it," he says with a smile. So

did Professor of Italian Aldo Scaglione, who left the University of North Carolina for a chair at New York University, the chance to shape an Italian studies center and-a dollop of icing he requested-an elegant apartment on Washington Square

A free-market scramble is going on all over academe, with star scholars' heads being handsomely hunted in the finite universe of top teaching and research talent. In the past year raiders have bagged ten professors from Cornell, impelling that university to bare its own teeth. "We're coming after their people, they're coming after our people," says Larry Palmer, Cornell's vice president for academic programs. "Everyone is jockeying."

Since 1983, the University of California at Irvine has given salaries of \$76,000-plus to get ten luminaries. The University of Tennessee at Knoxville's \$85,000 to \$90,000 Chairs of Excellence have lured two engineering whizzes, with a third to be announced next month. George Mason University has attracted 35 scholars in the past five years with pay of \$60,000 to \$123,000 (vs. a national average of around \$45,000 for a tenured professor). Poised to nab 20 more academic stars. Mason President George Johnson demurs: "Raiding isn't the right phrasing; it's selective development.

By whatever name, even small and out-of-the-way schools are trying it. This





year the University of Southern Maine brought on 45 fresh staffers, some from Harvard and Stanford. And last month Transylvania University in Lexington, Ky., announced a \$5 million war chest. Says M I T Dean of Science Gene Brown: "A lot of universities are out to buy a professor.

They have to. By 1995 about 40% of the U.S.'s 108,000 tenured faculty will reach retirement age. But replacement talent is not coming along. Despite the sweeteners for key players, a survey in 1986 indicated that only .3% of freshmen plan academic careers-in which starting salaries still languish around \$21,000 The most fought-for stars are women

and minorities because they are in short

supply. In the University of California system, for example, only 1.7% of tenured faculty are black, 2.5% Hispanic and 10.1% female. Says Duncan Rice, N.Y.U.'s dean of the faculty of arts and

sciences: "My department chairmen are aware that they had better never miss an opportunity to bring on a highly qualified minority or woman." Black Historian David L. Lewis, recruited to Rutgers, was courted by schools in the South. Midwest and East before he quit the University of California at San Diego for a heavy salary, a light teaching load and a budget to travel in Europe and Africa.

Anthropologist Mary Catherine Bateson, once dean of the faculty at Amherst College, where she fought what she saw as entrenched male chauvinism. jumped to freewheeling George Mason, where she would have more time to write. "I thought it would

be fun to try a school with chutzpah," she says. Last week Princeton announced that Toni Morrison, the much honored black female novelist (Song of Solomon, Beloved), was leaving the State University of New York at Albany for Princeton, where all hands insist that she will be no ornament but fully active in writing classes, Afro-American studies and the rest of university life.

The long-range result of the pirating might not be healthy for academe. As universities, like professional-sports owners, become caught up in bidding for a few known stars, they may stint on finding creative ways to build a team. Cornell's Palmer worries about develop-

ing a two-tier system of gold-plated prima donnas and underpaid working stiffs. Furthermore, says Mario T. Garcia, chairman of Chicano studies at the University of California at Santa Barbara, "one campus gains at the expense of another." This is what disturbs N.Y.U.'s Rice, as he ponders the consequences of too much raiding. "It terrifies me out of my wits," he con-cedes. "I worry either about having a faculty of kids or having to replace a faculty in a market that will be much more fiercely competitive than it is

now -By Ezra Bowen. Reported by Pamela Lister/New York, with other bureaus

Which System Is the Worst?

William Bennett, the declamatory Secretary of Education, has opened his bomb bay over Chicago. During a

visit he branded the school system America's worst, with a dropout rate of 45% and achievement scores for many schools in the bottom 1% nationwide. Chicago officials were not pleased. After all, surveys have put New York City's and



Chicago Mayor Harold Washington angrily countercharged that Ronald Reagan "has literally dismantled public education in this country." Last week. after saying "the mayor doesn't know what the hell he is talking about," Bennett went to tiny (pop. 350)

Detroit's dropout rates higher.

Missouri City to pronounce school, 85-pupil system a "miracle" in which "children suc-ceed." Pleased but stunned by the contrasting assessment, Principal Jay Jackson says, "I wish Chicago the best of luck."

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COVER STORY

Spiffing Up The Urban Heritage

After years of neglect, Americans lavish love and sweat on old downtowns



ack when city planning was still a matter of deciding which neighborhood to carve up with the new horhood to carve up with the new apartment tower and how many grim apartment tower that the control of the control of

Such prescience. Such vision

During the 1980s Spring Street. like as many other neglected, down-and-dirp streets around the country, is shuddering back to life, becoming a gleaning circa-1920s boulevard. Many of its handsomely 1920s boulevard. Many of its handsomely became cold art moderne office buildings ealed old masonry buildings were renovated: derelict art moderne apartenne buildings, and the art deco stock exchange was reborn as an art deco disco. There were more than two dozen major restorations in all—including what had been the CRA's of

fice building. The CRA, as it happened, had helped foster this revival. So in 1980 back came the urban-planning bureaucrats to their original building, back this time as historic preservationists, back to the very downtown district they had abandoned a generation earlier.

How did Americans manage to forget for so many years that downtowns are invigorating and old cities grand? That the dignity and Gemiltecheir of 18th century buildings and 19th century streets are intured to the control of the control of the worth preserving the profess century Camericans in 1970 actually prefer Centuyor City to San Francisco? Were people fetched by the shiny new discord of Housworth preserving the control of downtown Minneapolis more than by your downtown Minneapolis more than by the toke and store of downtown Si. Paul?

If so, then the nation has had a great change of heart. The change has been so complete that it is difficult today to remember how recently people were blithe-

Comebacks: Boston's revitalized Union Park, above; an owner in Baltimore touches up, left

ly ripping out and throwing away the warp and woof of America's cities. In only 20 years, marvels James Marston Fitch, an internationally known preservationist, "the whole balance has radically changed in our favor. I'm astonished at what a complete turnabout there has been in the whole climate of public opinion."

The bad old days were just yesterday, after all. It was in 1978 that the Supreme Court upheld New York City's right to designate Grand Central Terminal a landmark, thus saving the beaux arts you will be supply to the control of the court o



BRENHAM, TEXAS

Recapturing a Victorian Glow

Sinclair Lewis described his fictional Main Street as a place of "unsparing unapologetic ugliness." That about sized up the recent state of Main Street in Brenham (pop. 8,922), 75 miles west of Houston, with its peeling storefronts and shab by buildings. The iron columns, transom windows and scored brick so typical of the period between 1870 and 1925 had been obscured by dull white paint, cemented windows and ugly awnings. The overall sense of decay was threatening the town's economic life: retailers who had not yet deserted the central district were thinking of doing so. That threat led townspeople to seek state recognition for the downtown area's pre-1935 architecture: it was granted in 1983. Local financial institutions then stepped in to offer building owners 8%interest loans for restoration. Four years and \$7 million later, storefronts on Main Street, as well as Alamo and Market streets, glow with scrubbed-down brick and stucco, though many of the structures still await the multicolored paint job favored in Victorian times. Some old-timers have resisted restoration, but the whiff of profits is slowly bringing them around. Already Brenham's face-lift has increased sales receipts and drawn new businesses-and tourists-to town. Notes Attorney Hal Moorman: "People are telling us now, 'We can see you care,

for its headquarters; that New York City tore down McKim, Mead and White's glorious Pennsylvania Station.

So the tide has turned. Today it is almost obligatory for a city to have a fine old theater or train station or office building that has been saved, spiffed up and put back to good, if not necessarily its original use-a building that 20 years ago would have been pulled down without a second thought. Buying paperbacks and chocolate-chip cookies in what used to be a warehouse and watching stand-up comedians in what used to be a stable and living in what used to be a factory are now, happily, coast-to-coast clichés, not novelties. As ever, there are trade-offs: such transformations, especially as they become pandemic, can seem overbearingly glib, clean and cute.

et Louis Sullivan's 1895 Guaranty Building in Buffalo and the Peabody hotel in Memphis, a grand 1920s confection, have been restored perfectly, and they are not flukes but two redemptions among dozens. among hundreds. Downtowns are being preserved, piece by piece, and have been rediscovered, city by city, as places to live as well as work. "Almost every city, down to the third tier-places like Dayton and Toledo-has done something," says Northwestern University Urbanologist Louis Masotti. "It's not a fad. It's a demographic phenomenon. The 1980s have been the decade of the cities' revival.

The economic prosperity of the mid-'80s has of course helped stimulate both new construction and renovation, particularly in those cities blessed with high employment and booming industry. And some of the new downtown buildings are impressive. On the other hand, many cities have not revived. Detroit is still comatose, Gary, Ind., is not much healthier, and development in Oakland is lagging. Even in cities where renovation is rampant, gentrification has caused disgruntlement. Inhabitants of South Boston and East Los Angeles are not quite as excited as they might be about the exposed-brick, freshly baked. Benettonian fabulousness across town in Quincy Market and on Melrose Avenue

But the new urbanity has footholds all over the place, and preservationism has achieved extraordinary momentum. Cincinnati's city council made charming West 4th Street a historic district last year. Among the latest local projects: the conversion of a down-at-the-heels Renaissance Revival textile building into offices. The former Tivoli Union brewery in Denver, a pseudo-Bavarian fantasy, is a giddy complex of shops, offices, restaurants and movie theaters. The vast old Bullock's department store in downtown Los Angeles has been turned into the country's largest wholesale jewelry mart. and Houston's art deco Alabama Theater has merely exchanged one muse for another. The place is now a bookstore. Pioneer Square in Seattle, with its raffish characters, is proving that preservation



COLUMBUS

Revivals in a Picture Palace

When Loew's Ohio Theater opened in downtown Columbus in 1928 as a "presentation house" for silent films and vaude-ville, Designer Thomas White Lamb described it as the "place of the average man." But by the 1960s, the 2897-seat theater's audiences had abandoned it for television and the suburbs. Its intricately patterned walls were covered with multiple coats of paint and varnish, and smoke from the coal furnace had blackened the star and flower motifs on the ceilings.

Only civic pride saved it from demolition. In 1969 a coalition of individuals and companies raised \$1.35 million to buy the Ohioi norder to turn it into a performing-arts center and home to the city's symphony and ballet. During the next 18 years. \$2.8 million more was spent restoring Lamb's pleasure dometer carpets were copied from pieces found in storage; wall and ceiling ornamentation was resheathed in gold leaf; new velvet curtains and seats were matched to the original deep red. Dominating the auditorium is a 2½-ton chandelier. A six-story addition for offices was attached to the building, but the rest remains true to Lamb's design. Says Operations Manager Carles Parker. "You can see everything you say in 1928."

and up-market transformation do not necessarily mean the death of funk

The new attitude toward cities and old buildings seems altogether uncharacteristic of the U.S.—delightfully un-American, in fact. Americans are supposed to have a deep distrust of cities and a Babbitty, hard-charging faith in the new and improved. Indeed, preservation on today's scale was an unthinkable Luddite fantasy a scant generation ago.

manaky a scant generation ago.

With the proiferation of postwar suburbs, which sucked millions of families
out of the cities, downtowns quickly lost
their old pitzaz. Then the redevelopment
trously close to indulging the American
antiurban instinct to the point of no return. Political pressure to build new housing for the inner-city poor was intense.
Urban renewal, a well-intended and
wrongheaded federal mission, in those
days meant tearing down quirk, densely

interwoven neighborhoods of 19th and early 20th century low-rise buildings and high-rises. Or, even worse, leaving empty tracts. (The resistance of Charleston, SC, and Savannah to Great Society efforts to clear their slums accounts for those cities and Savannah to Great Society efforts to clear their slums accounts for those cities day.) In the mild-60s, 1,600 federally supported urban-renewal projects were under way in nearly 800 American cities. Not only in Viet Naim was the U.S. Government of the control of the control of the control order to saveit, the town in order to saveit the two in order to saveit.

But urban renewal had its rearguard critics, and vital downtowns had their in-fluential advocates. The right laws were passed. Cases were won. In 1965 New York City passed the Landmarks Preservation Law, setting up a commission that could restrict any changes to designated historic buildings: a year later, Congress enacted its version, which established the

National Register of Historic Places and provided preservation grants to states.

Meanwhite, a whole generation of middle-class travelers was discovering the civilized pleasures of European cities as well as domestic cases like Washington's cozy Georgetown and Santa Barbarra's adobe Pueblo Vigio. In San Francisco, always the belovedly quaint U.S. city, there was the novel Ghirardelli Square, a shopping center created near the Bay from a group of old factory buildings.

Elsewhere, a few eccentric real estate amblers started buying old buildings in godforsaken downtowns. Frank Akers paid \$4,200 in 1969 for his first two buildings in Portland, Me. The area, Akers says, "was loaded with winos and pimps and seedly waterfront characters. Everybody said I was crazy." Today, of course, but the country of th

Design

At about the same time, Americans were realizing the need to protect the autual environment, and for some of the same quasi-spiritual reasons, they discovered that old buildings had a level of craffsmanship and stylistic integrity seldom achieved in modern buildings and a patina that could not be faked. The upper classes had always prized antiques and reveled in the old. For the first time, the upwardly ambitious American middle class acquired that aristocratic penchant.

The rediscovery, however, is not merely a matter of fashion and status seeking. It is more visceral than that. "We feel better," the architecture critic and preservationist Brendan Gill has written, "when we find ourselves in the presence of the past, with its evidence of the min-

gled aspirations and disappointments of our ancestors." Walking along an old street among old buildings, the implicit history and sense of continuity are both reassuring and invigorating. The graceful proportions of façades are not arbitrary but the result of craft wisdom worked out over generations of trial and error. The scale of buildings and streets, based on human size and pedestrian stride, makes intuitive sense. Indeed, old sections of cities embody all sorts of folk and classical principles concerning residential density and building size and materials and zoning. In the very arrangements of alleys and building setbacks is a time-tested

plan, a kind of urban genetic code.

Boston's Blackstone Block is just such a
marvelous chunk of city. Wedged between

restored Faneuil Hall Marketplace and city hall, Blackstone Block is a seemingly haphazard labyrinth of buildings from several centuries strung along narrow, zigzagging streets. This jam-packed patchwork is, in extremely concentrated form, the natural look of cities, of anything created over time by many hands. Certain tacit rules apparently governed the 250-year accretion of buildings in Blackstone Block-rules about material (red brick) and height (seven stories maximum)-but within those constraints houses and workshops were demolished and built as circumstances demanded over the years, not according to any inflexible, grandiose scheme

Is it too Whitmanesque to suggest that it is the hurly-burly pleasures of democracy—pluralism incarnate—that pulled





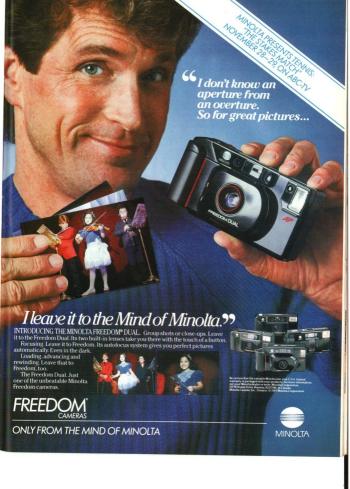
Pastel Blast from the Past

It was the chic tanning parlor for post-Depression travelers. Then came the jet sage, and courists were off to the Caribbean. By the mid-1970s, which was the same that crumbeld into a crime-ridden enlaws of returns a commercial contract of the commercial contract





grimy layers of brown and beige paint lay exemplars of art deco design. Since then some do of 800 small hotels and apartment houses in the south Miami Beach area, most built during the 1936-41 tourist boom, have been refurbished in glowing sunset colors, 70 more are under way. Crime remains its through the narrow sidewalks to admire surprise at every turn sky blue curved walls, porthole-shaped windows set off by flamingo pilk woodwork, and walleways addorned with acquamarine sea horses. Felevision has popularized the style man. "I'd have to admir the week reliefuel by Miama."



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pills. Since its introduction in 1960, it's evolved from one high dosarp product into many much lower in dosage. From 150 megs. of estrogen in 1960, down to 35 or less today. Yet, it's still the most effective form of birth control available to you other than sterilization.

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You've also probably heard that there are risks associated with taking the Pill. That is a fact. And you should know what those risks are. For example, if you are taking the Pill you should not smoke. Especially if you are over 35. Cigarette smoking is known to increase the risk of serious and possibly life-threatening adverse effects on the heart and blood vessels from Pill use. What's more, women with certain conditions or medical histories should not use the Pill

Even if you're already on the Pill, you should see your doctor at least once a year. Decisions should brith control aren't easy and shouldn't they should be based on information from first-rate to advice. If you're a Pill more additionally they should be based on information from first-rate to advice. If you're a Pill more additionally they will be added to the property of the pill more regularly. Learn everything you can about what you're taking.

Whether you're considering getting off the Pill or getting on it, the better informed you are, the better you'll feel about your decision. And that's the truth,

A message from the Association of Reproductive Health Professionals through an educational grant from Ortho Pharmaceutical Corporation.

side the state of the state of

Americans back downtown? Old cities are architecturally eclectic places, where Queen Anne turrets bump up against an International Sylve library. On a single more proposed of the proposed of

What has come to be known as gentrification-the migration of (mainly white) middle-class homesteaders into poor (mainly black and Hispanic) urban neighborhoods-is neither the cause nor an effect, exactly, of the historic renovation boom. But the two trends have abetted each other. The original '60s militants of the preservation movement were the shock troops of the upper middle class, and it was a broader swath of the same class who in the '70s made living amid urban antiquity seem both virtuous and stylish. Restored carriage houses and pressed-tin ceilings have seduced more children of the suburbs back to the city than mean, shiny apartment towers

reservation has its indirect costs

as well. The owners of protected landmark structures, prohibited from tearing down their buildings, are deprived of the potential profit of building something bigger or more commercially successful. Thus Preservationist Fitch suggests that governments subsidize owners "who are unfortunate enough to own properties of significance." According to Fitch, "If the state demands that they preserve the buildings, then they should be aided in that activity.

No matter how many splendid od buildings are furthished, downtown revivification does not necessity follow. The buildings are furthished, downtown revivification does not necessity follow. The historic district of Charleston is an anteel-lum museum of architecture, but despite the historic district of Charleston is an experimental of the charleston is the downtown was planted and extendit outpiles. Originally opposed an un-Charlestonia remedy: a new hulking hotel-and-retail complex. Originally opposed by some preservationists, Charleston Places—somewhat scaled downt—has not only breathed new revival original to the charlest of the

Yet what works in South Carolina may not take in Southern California. San Diego's \$140 million Horton Plaza shopping center, a manic postmodern pastiche, has been successful since it opened in 1985. But across the street, the sprucedup Gaslamp Quarter—16 blocks of eclec-





LOWELL MAS

Renaissance of a Textile Town

The canals, once the city's lifelines, have been cleaned; 19th century buildings have been restored; and a former Bigelow carpet mill has become home to a visitors' center, a quilt museum and apartments for the elderly. Lowell's downtown, a dving center just ten years ago, is now abuzz with small cheerful shops and the sounds of continuing renovation. The city's unemployment rate-13% in 1975-is down to 4%. Lowell's gradual decline from a flourishing textile center started in the 1920s. when mill owners began fleeing to the lower-costing, nonunion South. Lowell's turnaround came in 1978, when the region's Democratic Congressman, Paul Tsongas (later a Senator), persuaded Congress to appropriate \$40 million, under a National Historical Parks program, to transform the center of town into a 137-acre preservation district. The prospect of this helped persuade Wang Laboratories Inc. to make Lowell its home base one year later; other high-tech firms followed. Unusual cooperation between businesses and town advocates has fostered the renewal. When Hilton Hotels planned to build in the suburbs, Wang and other companies threatened a boycott unless the hotel was located in town. "We played hardball for that hotel because we knew where we were going," says Tsongas. "Renaissance is simply a mind-set." A determined one.





PHILADELPHIA

Icing on a Wedding Cake

It took a little imagination, or a long memory, to perceive the hidden glories of the Lit Bros. department-store buildings on Philadelphia's Market Street. Even before the store closed in 1977, is historic faqueds had disappeared under 20 layers of paint and grime, and soon afterward its once grand interior became a breeding ground for rats and mushrooms. The block-square complex of 13 buildings, constructed between 1859 and 1907, was twice stated for demolition. But a groun called Let

Lits Live beat the wrecker's ball in 1981 with a high-pressure obbying campaign. Three different firms failed to develop a workable plan for the structures; then a fourth group proposed restoring the flaqueds and replacing the interior with chic offices and shops, a 592 million undertaking. Nearly complete, the project is already considered a success. The Mellon Bank has leased five floors of office space built around a dramatic last-morded atrium. A gallery for stores and restaurants opened last month. Meanwhile, the ornate exterior of the main. Lit structure has been scraped clean to reveal a while Victorian weedling cake of a building now deemed to be one of the nation's finest examples of a cast-iron figude.

tic Victoriana, until recently occupied mainly by bums, hookers and porn shops—is still a gentrification wanna-be.

Preservation can set up a self-destructive cycle. When a historic neighborhood is restored, it becomes desirable and prices go up, and when prices go up sufficiently, developers think dollars per square foot, high-rise, wrecking ball. They wind up selling the view of a historic district from a condominium tower that has supplanted a piece of that history.

Not every old building can be saved. Not every old building should be saved. Except for set pieces like fussy little Colonial Williamsburg or the elegant Upper East Side of Manhattan, cities should not remain stuck in time. As Charlestonians have learned, vitality depends on at least modest infusions of new building. Even modest infusions of new building. Even principle. Says Gene Norman, cheirman of New York City's Landmarks Preservation Commission: "We are not trying to create a museum city."

Yet the reflexive impulse to preserve everything, even the relatively new and banal, occasionally shows signs of getting out of hand. "People are just beginning to talk about ''50s classics' now, which is a term that embraces some really appalling ticky-tack," says the British-born architectural historian Revner Banham, who lives in California. "There is a tendency to overlook the aesthetic quality of a building and just keep it because it is old," says Robert Winter, a cultural historian at Occidental College in Los Angeles. "Too often the reason for declaring something [a historic landmark] is sentimental." Sentiment is inadmissible? Isn't the new feeling for preservation and for cities inherently romantic, clearheadedness clouded by a large dose of nostalgia?

The '60s, a generous, hopeful time, produced terrible urban policy and dispiriting architecture, while in the '80s, a gilded, ungenerous age, the nation is saving buildings and repairing cities. An uncomfortable irony, but preservation is a conservative movement. Thus it carries with

it a whift of complacency and rue.

Peter Beltemachi, chairman of the
department of city and regional planning at the high-modernist Illinois Institute of
Technology, objects to the tendency toward the picturesque and fake rustic intoday's preservation passion. The Rouse
Co's cleverly conceived "festival marketplace" developments in Baltimore, Boston
and efsewhere can seem like santized
movie lot, vessions of real city neighborfraged is kept infact and a new structure
pasted on, a treactly, offensive kind of fauxpreservation that violates the spirit of the

old as well as the new.

Alas, another irony: while gentrifiers as they first venture into an old neighbor-

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LOS ANGELES

Banking On Adaptation

In biology, the theory is more than a century old: adaptation is the key to survival. In American city planning, the idea is much younger, but it is being practiced to perfection along Los Angeles' once seedy Spring Street. In the early 1900s, the area south of Bunker Hill was the West Coast's Wall Street, home to dozens of banks. But one by one they departed for shiny new digs. Now, thanks to a few bold developers and the encouragement of the city's redevelopment agency, some two dozen of the street's rich art moderne and art deco buildings are pulsing with new uses-as restaurants, nightclubs and galleries catering to young urbanites. The trading floor of the ornate 1929 stock-exchange building has been converted to a discothèque: original travertine marble walls form a backdrop for dancers. Nearby, the mahogany-paneled interiors of two adjacent bank buildings have been joined to form an elegant apartment house called Premiere Towers, where rents have soared to \$1,050 a month. The ground floor of the refurbished twelvestory Continental Building, considered to be Los Angeles' first skyscraper, may soon be the site of upscale boutiques. Although many buildings are still in disn pair, students, artists and young professionals are helping to transform the old financial center into a snazzy moneymaker.

hood may be democratically inspired-The diversity! The grit!-they attract mobs of merely stylish followers who diminish the diversity and sweep away every last speck of grit. The old-line residents and the anchors of their communitiesthe hardware stores, the cobblers, the taverns-are driven out by suddenly high rents. Gentrification is not fun for everyone. Walter Reinhaus, a white graduate student, is renovating a Charles Addamsesque mansion in the middle of an all-black Chicago neighborhood. "With gentrification," he says, "it's easy to go too far. There are people and places here I deeply love. There's some of the best barbecue I've ever had. Stores are cheap, unpretentious." Thanks to him, perhaps, not for long.

earteningly, the fate of reviving districts is not always black and white. Preservationists are not all chèvre eaters and squash players. Among the thousands of tax-delinquent houses New York City has sold off during the past five years, more than half have been bought by black and Hispanic homesteaders. The Longwood section of the South Bronx has had itself declared a historic district, and the predominantly black and Hispanic residents are restoring scores of neo-Renaissance houses. In Sayannah the National Trust has provided seed money so that 300 apartments in the Victorian historic district can be set aside for low-income residents. In a rough-andtumble north Toledo neighborhood 165 Victorian buildings recently rehabilitated for \$20 million are now occupied by more than a thousand federally subsidized tenants. And in Boston's South End, not far from Union Park, the Villa Victoria neighborhood stands as a monument to severai unlikely successes. In the late '60s the row houses of Villa Victoria were to be razed and the mainly Hispanic residents moved. The houses were fixed up by the residents. The neighborhood stayed a neighborhood. The place is gorgeous.

The new popularity of the old has taught some fine lessons and a few dubious habits. The Ralph Laurenized marketing of snobby antiquity is a side effect the country could probably do without. Post-modernism has become popular along with the antique buildings that inspired it, which was fine until every second shopping-center architect became a second shopping-center architect became a second stopping-center architect second stoppin

Indeed, the act of preservation—pokeing around an old building, sudying halflong around an old building, sudying halfforgotten design principles up close, figuring out how to put the structure right, buttressing, straightening, sanding, replastering, a sinting—is profoundly instructive. Restoring a 19th century house makes thoughful architects and planners think differently about how they design enew buildings and new neighborhoods.

Design

"The great value of doing preservation in our office," says Architect James Stewart Polshek, whose firm restored Carnegie Hall, "is that it helps reinforce in young architects an attitude about the way buildings still could be built"

Planners are discovering that regenerating the city is much harder and slower than the last generation believed, that to work, it must be a building-by-building, street-by-street evolution. The planning street-by-street evolution. The planning for New York's med Battery Park City development, for instance, quite nicely incorporates many of the old ways, visual corporates many of the old ways, visual corporates many of the old ways, visual of scale were careful in planting of scale were both encouraged. "What we've learned," Flich encouraged. "What we've learned," Flich say, "is that if you want to rejuvenate a city, you have got to be very careful not to throw any kind of tissue away."

Precisely. These days, who would not agree?

Charles Harper, for one, Harper is chairman of Omaha's ConAgra, Toods-pro-cessing company and may move the firm downtown, near the city's gentrified warehouse district. But he does not want to play along with the preservationists. He says he will not put his headquarters next to 'some big, ugly red buildings' just because they are historic. Harper is demanding that the warehouses be demolished. "Some people love old red brick buildings," Harper says, "Some doo't."

In fact, quite a few people don't, some with the clout to act on their preferences. Take Donald Trump, Trump, who in 1980 pulled down and smashed a et of art docto has reliefs from an old Fifth Avenue building ("They were stones with some engravings on them"), says today that "a lot of times preservation is used as an excue to stop progress" and "as a method of stopping anybody from progressing a city." Trump's current idea of "progressing a city." Trump's current idea of "progressing a city." is to put up a set of nine giganite high-rise towers, among them the tall-est building in the world, on Manhattan's old Upper West Stide.

No, preservation has not been carried too far. The passion for good old downtowns has not yet got out of hand. The lessons of the past two decades have not been learned too well. — By Kurt Anderson. Reported by Daniel S. Levy/New York and Edwin M. Reingold/Los Angoles, with other bureau.





NEW YORK CITY

A Mix of Technology and Art

Modernizing the New York Public Library, the apogee of the city's beaux arts architecture, required the soul of an artist and the mind of a systems engineer. The problem, explains Architect Lewis Davis, who has overseen much of the project, "was how to bring 20th century building without being too obvious." The \$75.5 million publicly and privately funded restoration, begun in 1981, has produced some artiful solutions. In the Periodical Room, Architect Giorgio Ca-

vaglieri has not only spruced up the old marble and wood but has also discreelly added modern lighting to supplement old brass chandeliers. The once gloomy card-catalog room now of the literature of the literature of the literature of the literature of the literature. Throughout the building, also gas service uses a supplement of the literature of the

TIME, NOVEMBER 23, 1987 83

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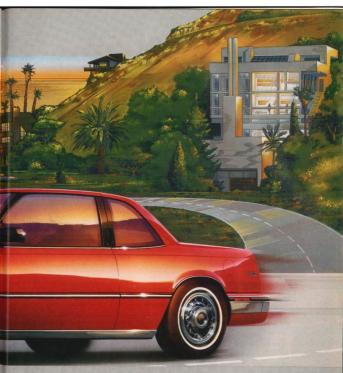
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Music

A Symbol Takes the Stage

Soviet Pianist Vladimir Feltsman makes his U.S. debut

Vladimir Feltsman finally got to Carnegie Hall last week, Eight years ago. Feltsman, the Moscowborn son of a prominent Jewish pop composer, was considered one of the Soviet Union's most promising young pianists. Then he applied to the authorities for an emigration visa. Suddenly his engagements were canceled, his recordings vanked off the radio. Even a private performance at Spaso House, the U.S. Ambassador's official residence in Moscow, was marred when the piano was mysteriously vandalized before the concert. Apart from a few performances, mostly on battered uprights in remote villages, Feltsman was a musical nonperson

His cause, however, was taken up by several prominent Americans, among them Secretary of State Feltsman playing at Carnegie Hall: Fire in the belly? George Shultz; five months ago Feltsman and his family were abruptly given permission to leave. In short order, the State University of New York College at New Paltz handed Feltsman a teaching post at \$80,000 a year, the powerful Columbia Artists agency lined up more than 50 engagements, and there was a concert at the White House. Almost as quickly as he had fallen into disfavor, Feltsman, 35, soared to international celebrity.

Bolstered by a surreptitious 1984 recording of the Chopin Opus 28 Preludes. Feltsman's reputation grew even while he was in musical exile. In the gossipy world



of concert music, word of prodigiously gifted Soviets zips along the grapevine allegro vivace; unheard Russians like Feltsman tend to loom large in the imagination of Western audiences eagerly seeking a new pianistic hero. Then reality sets in. For every Vladimir Ashkenazy, a brilliant pianist in both technique and taste, there have been disappointments like the vapid Youri Egorov and the clangorous Lazar Berman.

Feltsman falls between extremes. An angular, bearded man with the suffering face of a symbolist poet, he communes with the keyboard, not with the audience His technique is solid but not especially flashy, his tone rich but not warm. Like many Soviets, Feltsman has some residual romantic mannerisms, such as a rhythmic stutter step in phrasing that in the early

19th century would have been viewed as a genuine rubato (literally, robbing the time value of one note and adding it to another) but is to-

day decried as distortion

The Carnegie Hall recital found him both cautious and nervous. Schubert's gentle Sonata in A Major, Opus 120, was diffident and unfocused, and while the intricate variations of Schumann's Symphonic Etudes were dutifully expounded. the piece never gathered the headlong passion that should make its concluding march a shout of triumph. Better were three movements from Olivier Messiaen's dazzling Vingt Regards sur l'Enfant Jésus, in which Feltsman temporarily relaxed his inhibitions to project the music's ferocious rhythms and clashing polytonal harmonies. Best of all were the encores. In Rachma-

ninoff's Prelude in G-Sharp Minor, he caressed the delicate, almost impressionistic filigree, and he unleashed an impressively big sound on Beethoven's Six Variations in D Major, Opus 76, whose lumbering melody Beethoven used later for the "Turkish March" in The Ruins of Athone

Clearly, an artist of temperament lurks beneath Feltsman's restrained exterior, but just how much, or what kind of. temperament is still unclear. Now that the man has replaced the symbol. Feltsman needs to prove he has the virtuoso's fire in his belly -By Michael Walsh

Milestones

BORN. To Joan Benoît Samuelson, 30, diminutive long-distance runner, 1984 gold medal winner in the first Olympic marathon for women and winner of the 1979 and 1983 Boston marathons, and Scott Samuelson, 29, business consultant: their first child, a daughter; in Portland, Me. Name: Abigail. Weight: 5 lbs. 12 oz.

ARRESTED. Louis Ray Beam Jr., 41, white supremacist indicted last April on charges of seditious conspiracy for his part in a loony plot to overthrow the U.S. Government; in Chapala, Mexico. A leader of the Aryan Nations and a former Grand Dragon of the Texas Ku Klux Klan, Beam was one of the FBI's ten most wanted fugitives.

AlLING. Michael Harrington, 59, political scientist, author and co-chairman of the Democratic Socialists of America: with cancer of the esophagus. His 1962 book, The Other America, caught the attention

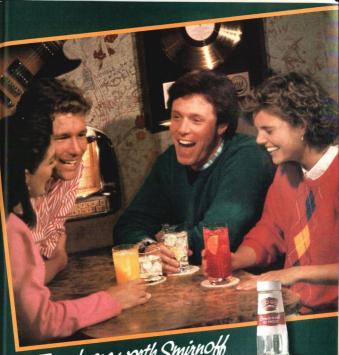
of President John F. Kennedy and inspired President Lyndon Johnson's war on poverty. Among his more recent works: The New American Poverty and The Next Left.

DIED. Seyni Kountché, 56. President of Niger; of a brain tumor; in Paris. After seizing power 13 years ago in a bloody military coup, Kountché ran a reformist regime and assisted Chad in its war against Libya. In 1984 he met with President Reagan in Washington to negotiate food aid for his drought-stricken West African nation. He is succeeded by a cousin, Colonel Ali Seibou, the army Chief of Staff.

DIED. Jackie Vernon, 63, self-deprecating TV and nightclub comic; of a heart attack; in Los Angeles. His portrayal of a morose triple-chinned loser "who spends his time at parties in the room with the coats" became an overnight hit in 1963 when TV Host Steve Allen plucked him out of an obscure Canadian nightclub. Vernon also appeared regularly with Ed Sullivan, Jack Paar and Johnny Carson.

DIED. Charles Holland, 77, expatriate black American tenor who fled racial prejudice in his own country in 1949 to make his name-and his home-abroad; in Amsterdam. He was the first black man ever to sing at the Opéra in Paris. His repertoire ranged from Verdi's Otello to Virgil Thomson's avant-garde Four Saints in Three Acts, and he toured with Fletcher Henderson's jazz band. In 1982, at 72, Holland returned to New York City for a belated debut at Carnegie Hall.

DIED. William C. Pahlmann, 86, interior decorator whose opulent, eclectic style powerfully influenced American taste; in Guadalajara, Mexico. The model rooms he introduced in department stores drew crowds of imitators, as did his early enthusiasm for Scandinavian furniture.



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Books

A Life of Fade-Outs and Fade-Ins

TIMEBENDS by Arthur Miller; Grove; 614 pages; \$24.95

Autobiographies by writers tend to be awkward combinations of exquisite craft at storytelling and desiccated scarcity of incident. The writer's true die is by nature to be a supported to the su

his 72 years with almost none of those disadvantages. His bestknown works are for the stage, a collaborative medium and, in his view. one meant to arouse passions. His plays have frequently been topical. occasionally incendiary, and he researched them with the fervor of an investigative journalist. Opinionated and outspoken, he relished the platform that his fame provided and undertook a running battle with McCarthyite elements in Government. They retaliated by stripping him of his passport, summoning him before the House Un-American Activities Committee and trying him for contempt of Congress for refusing to denounce fellow leftists. Miller was catholic in his choice of antagonists, clashing just as fiercely with Communists and hoarding spiteful anecdotes about characters ranging from "Lucky" Luciano to Norman Mailer. Among the more mean-spirited is his sketch of Frank Lloyd Wright, drowsy at 90, commissioned to plan a country house and proposing something vast, costly and impractical, including a suspended swimming pool requiring "heavy construction on the order of

the Maginot Line."

Beyond all this, Miller remains fascinating because he fulfilled an almost universal male daydream: he almost universal male daydream: he will be almost the second of the second

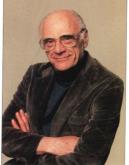
Miller's story could not but be a provocative glimpse into the outraged soul that conceived All My Sons. The Crucible, A View from the Bridge, The Price and The American Clock. Yet for all the cut and thrust

of action and emotion, there is something runniantive, at times woolly, about Time-bends. The title seems should be about the seems to reflect its nonlinear seem to reflect its nonlinear seems to evoke "times" fade-outs and fade-ins and cross-fades. "His first words describe watching his mother's feet and ankles as he lay in infancy on the floor. Colorfully sketched relations come and go, their idiosyncratic histories often begulting in themselves—especially wiid is

nething name ish ish his lly rander the arently der ts and crue words par tet and coll

Excerpt

Many years later in the temples of Angkor Wat in Cambodia, the relief sculptures of full-bodied crowned goddesses, with their. - faint but confident world-containing smiles, would bring back to me the silent tumult of those evenings, when the nowness of lite seemed alive around us. - After one of those silences I said. After one of those silences I said. Marilyni first thought this a defeat, men, she had said once, only wanted happy girls. But then a smile touched her lips as she discovered the compliment I had intended.



the dying great-grandfather who caught the new rabbi robbing him of his life's savings and pummeled the loot out of him—but only occasionally do they illumine the writer's developing spirit.

manufactures, few dozen pages in, the narrative luvies, few dozen pages in, the narrative luvies, few dozen pages in, the narrative luvies of the few sides of the few sides of the swalking through Harlem streets nearly half a century later. The process of orderly causality deliberately begins to crumble. Thereafter, from paragraph, the paragraph, the first paragraph sides is child, and old man, a college student, a rising Broadway star. College student, a rising Broadway star. Whother the sides of the start of the start

concluded, in a fashion at times comversational, at times dramatically suxtaposed. Too often, the result just seems guarded. For example, Miller's first wife Mary Slattery, the mother of two of his children, appeats only at the moment he is about on mary her. Their courtship and on mary her. Their courtship and adventure in those times for small adventure in the size of the small performance of the small performance of the small performance of the performance of the small performance of the small performance of the performance of the small performance of the small performance of the performance of the small performance of the small performance of the performance of the small performance of the small performance of the performance of the small performance of the small performance of the performance of the small performance of the small performance of the performance of the small performance

The main reason for this odd and often frustrating approach probably lies in Miller's view of his masterwork. Death of a Salesman. Although what lingers with many spectators is the play's powerful naturalistic evocation of family mistrust and disappointment, Miller emphasizes its nonrealistic side, the scenes of recollection and hallucination taking place in the haunted mind of its title character. His goal when creating Salesman, he says, was to "cut through time like a knife through a layer cake or a road through a mountain revealing its geologic layers, and instead of one incident in one time-frame succeeding another, display past and present concurrently, with neither one ever coming to a stop . . . How fantastic a play would be that did not still the mind's simultaneity.

Maybe for Salesman, but Timebends is often muddled, even mawkish. In the final passage, Miller describes eyeing coyotes warily eyeing him on his Connecticut spread and sententiously proclaims, "We are all connected, watching one another. Even the trees." Still, if Miller the autobiographer refuses to offer shapely stories and easy pleasures, but instead insists on the uncomfortable, the unsettling and the contentious, that is what Miller the playwright has done for more than four decades. American literature-and life-has been vastly the richer for it By William A. Henry III

Books

Jigsaws

LIFE: A USER'S MANUAL by Georges Perec Translated by David Bellos Godine; 581 pages; \$24.95

Outside his native France, Novelist Georges Perec (1936-82) was known chiefly as a member of OuLiPo, an acronym for Ouvroir de Littérature Potentielle (Workshop of Potential Literature). The authors and scientists who constituted this informal group had a common goal: the discovery of new or fiendishly difficult and complex ways of arranging words in sequence. When it came to setting Procrustean rules and then writing freely in spite of them, none of

the OuLiPo circle was more inventive and whimsical than Perec. He composed a full-length novel, La Disparition, without once using the letter e. He devised a 5.000-letter statement that read the same backward and forward. Its subject: palindromes. And four Perec years before he died

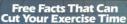


of cancer, Perec published La Vie Mode d'Emploi, a novel that French critics have increasingly hailed as a masterpiece.

Some skepticism may be permissible. The Gallic taste for abstractions and literary fun and games is not universally shared. And wordplay, no matter how winsome, does not travel well from one language to another. In any case, Englishspeaking readers can now examine Perec's most acclaimed book for themselves. At first glance, Life: A User's Manual looks every bit as good as the French have been saying it is for years.

This despite a number of intentional difficulties that ought to make the work unreadable. The setting is a capacious apartment house in the 17th Arrondissement of Paris. Each of Perec's 99 chapters takes place in a different room or locale in the building. Scrupulous attention is paid to the furnishings, wallpaper, paintings, knickknacks and impedimenta in each new scene. The time is shortly before 8 p.m. on June 23, 1975. That is when the action begins and when it ends. In other words, this book has no forward movement, no fundamental plot at all.

What it possesses instead is the slow, hypnotic fascination of an enormous puzzle being assembled piece by piece. Perec makes his jigsaw methods quite explicit. One of the residents in the apartment house is a wealthy Englishman named Percival Bartlebooth, whose past, along with those of dozens of other tenants, gradually emerges. In 1925, Bartlebooth embarks on the rigid program he has





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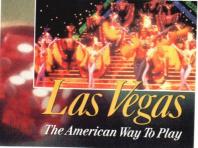
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Full House



Books

mapped out for the rest of his life. He spends ten years learning how to paint watercolors. For the next 20 years he travels the globe, rendering one seaport scene roughly every two weeks and sending each painting to Paris, where a craftsman turns the artwork into a jigsaw puzzle. From 1955 to 1975, Bartlebooth, back in his apartment, solves each puzzle and then has the reassembled watercolor shipped to its place of origin, where it is erased. The beauty of Bartlebooth's life's work is its rigorous uselessness: "starting from nothing, passing through precise operations on finished objects, Bartlebooth would end up with nothing."

Given the fascinating eccentricities that crop up on nearly every page of this novel, Bartlebooth's plan seems almost humdrum. From the most straitened (and self-imposed) circumstances, Perec spins forth an infinite variety of entertainments, hundreds of tales, anecdotes, puzzles, mysteries, conundrums and diversions. Do the glittering pieces add up to a radiant whole? While the fun proceeds, this question seems irrelevant. At the end, it teases and haunts By Paul Gray

Damned Gifts

MANIC POWER: ROBERT LOWELL AND HIS CIRCLE by Jeffrey Meyers

Arbor House; 228 pages; \$17.95

home, she turned to her son. "Oh, Bobby," she told him, "it's such a comfort to have a man in the house." The elevenyear-old sharply reminded her, "I am not a man; I am a boy. So he was, and so he remained. He

was not alone. Robert Lowell's closest friends and fellow poets, Randall Jarrell, John Berryman and Theodore Roethke, were also emotionally retarded. The poets, observes Jeffrey Meyers, "felt they should seek suffering rather than happiness . . . All four poets obsessively pursued their private myths, and persuaded each other and the public to believe them. Eventually, an inability to grow damaged the quartet beyond repair.

The Lowell group were the poetic heirs of the long-lived constellation of T.S. Eliot, Wallace Stevens and Robert Frost. Meyers, biographer of Ernest Hemingway, Katherine Mansfield and other troubled writers, persuasively argues that the younger men approached their predecessors "in depth of genius and artistic achievement" but "surpassed them in the extremity of pain." Meyers' fever chart begins with blighted childhoods: each man lost his father young. Each was severely disturbed, opening his psychic wounds and bleeding into confessional verse. But they all went a step beyond, steeping in self-pity, some sabotaging their marriages with meaningless affairs, others sniping at colleagues and then placing blame elsewhere.

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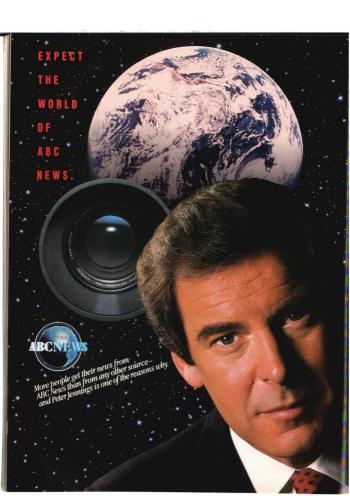




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Books

"American society would drive anybody out of his skull," fumed Berryman.

Meyers' ingenious group portrait shows his subjects linked by a kinship of misery. Colleagues praised Roethke's hectic, incandescent verse and gossiped about his violent breakdowns. He described his electroshock therapy in rhyme: "Swift's servant beat him./ Now they use/ A current flowing/ From a fuse." The jolts were useless. He died of a sudden heart attack at 55. Jarrell was not content to be the best poetry reviewer of his time, says Meyers, "he had to be a great, perhaps the greatest poet-or he was nothing." It was during one dark time that the writer, 51, fell under the path of a moving car.

Berryman was next. After heated sonnets on the subject of suicide, the 57year-old leaped off a bridge: "In a modesty of death I join my



he and his friends 'go at it with such single-minded intensity that we are always on the point of drowning." Now the survivor lost the will to compete. When he suffered his last heart attack at 60. his third wife called

father" said one of his late poems. Lowell once noted that

it a "suicide wish." In "Middle Age," he had written, "I forgive/ those I/ have injured!"

These melancholy accounts ought to signify a collective failure. Yet as Manic Power shows, the four men found an odd consolation in catastrophe, savoring their roles as the Bards Damned by Their Gifts, perennial favorites since the abbreviated days of Byron, Shelley and Keats. The tragedy of Lowell and his circle is not that they were martyrs to an unfeeling society. but that they played their parts too fervently. As each man drew closer to his finale, he discovered too late that it was impossible to remove the mask. -By Stefan Kanfer

Editors' Choice

FICTION

AGENTS OF INNOCENCE, David Ignatius THE BONFIRE OF THE VANITIES. Tom Wolfe . LEAVING HOME, Garrison Keillor THE RADIANT WAY, Margaret Drabble ROCK SPRINGS. Richard Ford A SOUTHERN FAMILY, Gail Godwin

NONFICTION

A LIFE IN PEACE AND WAR, Brian Urquhart . THE MAKING OF THE AFRICAN QUEEN, Katharine Hepburn MAN OF THE HOUSE. Tip O'Neill with William Novak . THE MASK OF COMMAND, John Keegan • MIAMI, Joan Didion • THE SONGLINES, Bruce Chatwin



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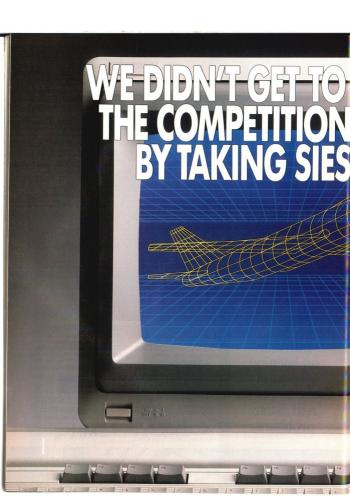
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Living





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When London Merchant Peter Du-rand patented the tin can in 1810. office buildings. They turn in empties for a the world was changed forever. Canning revolutionized life on the farm, in the kitchen, on the battlefield. In the 20th century, life would seem primitive and deprived without cans. In 1986 some 102 billion canned items were manufactured. One category of container, the aluminum easyopen beverage can (69 billion produced last year), has so proliferated that the mere existence of empties has engendered a brandnew folk industry. Can picking, some call

Thousands of Americans are now caught up in harvesting empties for profit. Charities, civic clubs and groups like the Boy Scouts regularly go at it. Since March. Dade County, Fla., fire fighters have picked enough cans to raise \$4,990 for a burn center at James M. Jackson Memorial Hospital. On Chicago's South Side, some 20 neighborhood can pickers process more than 12,000 tons of scrap paper and metal each year at the Resource Center, one of the nation's largest nonprofit recycling operations. Ken Dunn, founder of the center. sees the collectors as successful entrenreneurs. Says he: "These people have built a very viable industry.

The industry racks up impressive returns. Last year 33.3 billion aluminum beverage cans were recovered. One giant can producer, Reynolds Metals, paid nearly \$93 million to recyclers, while taking in some 305 million lbs. of aluminum, enough to make nearly 8 billion cans.

Such a megabuck scale is foreign to the most colorful of the can pickers, the loners who scrounge through garbage cans around picnic grounds, sports arenas and refund, usually a nickel a can, in the nine states that have bottle and can deposit laws. In other areas they can sell their refuse for 28¢ to 40¢ per lb.

Sometimes these pickers seem more casual than they turn out to be. Take Alberta Freeman, 55, who turns up at a recycling trailer in a New Orleans supermarket parking lot with 30-gal. garbage bags bulging with aluminum cans. Freeman, her daughter, a daughter-in-law and eleven grandchildren collaborate in can picking. Last year the family cleared some \$500. which Grandma naturally spent on the grandchildren

Or take Sam Hailey, by acclamation the champion can picker in Palm Beach County, Fla. In twelve years he has collected 944,000 cans and sold them for \$10,000. Lately he has reined himself in; at 91 he no longer needs as much exercise as a doctor recommended in 1975 for treatment of a heart ailment

Loners trolling for cans in New York City doubtless include some of the city's 50,000 or so homeless. But they are not always downtrodden. Can Picker John-Ed Croft, 50, abandoned a career as a computer program analyst to take up life as a painter. Croft has been accumulating cans. he says, to pay \$11,486.72 he owes the Internal Revenue Service in back taxes. He insists that he plans to deliver his entire can stash to the district IRS office in lower Manhattan, IRS Spokesman Neil O'Keeffe says, "There's no provision for paying taxes with cans." So for all its utility, there is evidently one use to which the can cannot -By Frank Trippett, Reported by be put Don Winbush/Atlanta, with other bureaus

Did Czar Nicholas quibble with Carl Fabergé over the price of eggs?



When you are dealing with something quite extraordinary, price somehow seems irrelevant or even irreverent. Indeed, for those who appreciate fine Scotch, Johnnie Walker Black is priceless.

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Show Business

Rabbi's Son Makes Good

Two decades of obscurity, and now Jackie Mason is a superstar

abuddy understends dis." The man in the Honda commercial is talking about a parking gear, but he might just as well be analyzing his own career. After two decades of anonymity, Comedian Jackie Mason is lighting up Broadway. Next month he will celebrate a year as the stand-up soloist of The World According to Me!

One-man shows usually offer a variety of delights: Lily Tomlin and Whoopi Goldberg impersonated scores of different women: Victor Borge played the piano be-

tween monologues. Jackie Mason is only Jackie Mason, a hunched and tuneless figure towering some 5 ft. 4 in. above sea level and speaking with the Yiddish locutions of an immigrant who just completed a course in English. By mail. His targets are ecumenical. On Jews and Christians: "You show a gentile carrots and peas, he eats carrots and peas. You show a Jew carrots and peas: Wait a minute. Why are there so many carrots compared to the peas?" Television weather persons: "You're dying to know if it's hot or cold, and instead they give you percentages. Eighty percent chance of rain, 30% chance of a cloud . What, are you going to buy 80% of an umbrella?" Ronald Reagan: "This is the happiest President we ever had, and I found out why he's so happy. He can't believe he got the job! . . I'm proud of him because, since

tacked this country." R-rated In the films: "The truth is that children have no idea that it's sex. To children it looks like a fight. They sex two people sweating, jumping, screaming. ... all of a sudden he's knocked out, and she's dancing. The kid is wondering. I never even saw the punch. How did this happen?"

And putting down a heckler: "All great men were relected. You'll never have this

then. Grenada has never at-

problem."

Mason did. Despite his unlimited stock of foreign shrugs and intonations, the rabb's som was bern Jacob Maza in Sheboygan, Wis. He and his three brothers followed their father's profession, but, he confesses, "I didn't feel it I wasn't indicated." Assigned to a Weldon, N.C., synagogue, Mason gained a reputation for injecting humor into sermons. "Congregations would say to me. Rabbi, you their advice."

In the Catskill resorts he tried a series of personae. Sometimes he was a roadcompany Henny Youngman: "I grew up in a tough neighborhood. We played hop-scotch with real Scotch." On other occasions he was a Xerox of Woody Allen: "I was so self-conscious, every time footbal players went into a huddle, I thought they were talking about me."

Between notches in the Borscht Belt, he sold shoes at Gimbel's, pajamas at Saks and mensweer at Macy's. The only item he had trouble merchandising was Jackie Mason. It was not until 1962 that he found his own reproachful voice.



The World According to Jacob Maza of Sheboygan, Wis.

"In the theater they see you as an artist instead of a bum.

Steve Allen caught the act and booked him on his TV show. Later that year, Ed Sullivan granted Jackie spots on what was then the nation's most popular variety program. Then came the dark night of Oct. 18,

1964. Sullivan was running late. He flashed the two-minute sign offscreen. Sixty seconds later he held up one finger. Mason, on a roll, furiously responded, "Here's a finger for you!" Next morning the stone-faced master of ceremonies informed the press that he was "sick to my stomach" about Mason's on-camera crudities and canceled the comedian's \$45,000 contract. An out-of-court settlement got Jackie back on the show but could not restore his reputation. Says Mason: "All of a sudden people started to think I was some kind of sick maniac. It took 20 years to overcome what happened in one minute.

He started to make repairs by appear-

ing "in Alannic City a hundred times, Venago and City a hundred times, Venago 200 times, Mamiri Beach a million times." Then came ventures in theater and film. A commonly, A Tempon Every Four Heurs, featuring Jackie Mason and 150,0000 of his money, lasted one night on 510,0000 of his money, lasted one night on celluloid bomb The Shooke, "another effort in my series of efforts to get somewhere." Through all those trails and traves on the road, Mason, 56, never married "because I didn't want to be intensely income the common through the common time of the comm

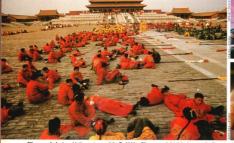
Too many years of obscurity made him desperate for stability and recognition. In a final theatrical gesture, Mason allowed his manager to talk him into doing a solo shot on Broadway. To the astonishment of ev-

eryöne, including the star, it was an immediate smash. New York Times Critic Frank Rich wrote, "So sue me ... Masson was very, very funny." The professionals closed ranks behind the comediate of the star (64" 4* 5" H) returned eight times, and Mel Brocks amounced that "nobody makes me laugh harder." Joe Papp roducer of the New York Shakespeare Festival, went further. When Donald Mort and the star of the New York Shakespeare Festival. When Donald Mort and the New York Shakespeare Festival. When Donald Mort and the New York Shakespeare Festival.

In show business contagious aughter breeds continual tounity the production of the continual tode in Hollywood last year in now a well-paid prichman for Honda and is in constant demand for IV specials and sitcoms. There are a book and a record based on his show, and in January he will begin filming caddyhanket II a bigbudget film about a self-made millionaire who joins a snobbish country club—only to run afoul
members when he develops a lowmembers when he develops a low-

country club—only to run afoul of the members when he develops a lowincome housing project nearby. In 1987 the comedian will gross well over \$1 million.

Fans have tried to find reasons for the turnaround. Gelbart attributes the Masonic cult to nostalgia: "Jackie is one of the few practitioners left of a style that anpeals to an older audience. It's like listening to the Glenn Miller Band," Steve Allen compares Mason with Lenny Bruce: "He is more than a joke-joke comic; he is a philosopher." Mason seems to be the only one who admits that he is a "sensation for the same Jewish jokes that made me a failure." Perhaps, he thinks, it is the setting: "In the theater they see you as an artist instead of a bum telling jokes in a toilet.' Then again, the Honda commercial may have it right: "Nobuddy understends dis. Or needs to. "As long as they laugh," Mason figures with rabbinical wisdom, "who cares why? -By Stefan Kanfer







Glimpses of a lost world: the vastness of the Forbidden City; upper right, John Lone as the Emperor; below, Peter O'Toole as his tutor

; below, Peter U Toole a

Cinema

Free Fall Through History

THE LAST EMPEROR Directed by Bernardo Bertolucci Screenplay by Mark Peploe and Bernardo Bertolucci

e was stripped of all effective power at the age of six, before he fully understood what he was losing. Thereafter, he was permitted sovereignty only over what he could literally survey from the Dragon Throne of Beijing's Forbidden City: some 20 palaces, countless courtvards and a small army of thieving eunuchs. Even that dubious privilege was taken from him in 1924 when at 18 he was booted into exile. Later, the Japanese made him the puppet ruler of conquered Manchuria. Still later, the People's Republic of China made him a prisoner, charged with war crimes and ripe for nearly a decade of ideological "remolding." Finally Pu Yi, the last Emperor of China, was rewarded with the one title he could gracefully live up to: citizen. He spent the remainder of his days working as a gardener, writing his memoirs and claiming to have found happiness at last

Maybe he did. True, as an infant Pu I'v was chosen to bestride the history books, yet his destiny was to be that of a man endlessly free-falling through most been a relief for him to come to rest as a been a relief for him to come to rest as a control, and the relief possible, at the bottom of a rardy opened page. Perhaps having are consolved in the possible po

In the Emperor's day, Bernardo Bertolucci (The Conformist, Last Tango in Paris) would surely not have obtained a passport to visit the Forbidden City, let alone explore its ruler's forbidden soul. Last year, though, the director received free range of both from Pu Yi's successors, who regard his final, harmless-dodderer incarnation as an exemplary triumph for their system. The result is a film epic in length (almost three hours), vision (the reimagining of a lost and exotic world) and imagery (formal and glowing). Yet at its center is an anti-epic figure, inarticulate and victimized. The movie must therefore depend for its emotional power on a force rarely applied to the large-scale cinema: irony of the most delicate variety.

It works astonishingly well. Screenwriter Mark Peploe has used the flashback form to cover 60 years of remote, enigmatic history, and for once the device accurately reflects reality. In the '50s, as a prisoner of the victorious Chinese Communists, Pu Yi (played as an adult by John Lone, who somehow makes stunned passivity hypnotic) was indeed forced to confront his past. The length and rigor of his sentence depended largely on how his recollections conformed to Maoist history, and so the simple act of remembrance becomes inherently suspenseful. More important, a contrast and an analogy are enforced by the close juxtaposition of past and present. The imperial past offered Pu Yi privilege at an awesome level; the imprisoned present demands denial at the meanest level. But each equally cramped Pu Yi's spirit, denied him his full humanity.

Still, it is imagistically, not intellectually, that The Last Emperor asserts what will probably be a lasting claim on memory. Bertolucci has restored to the Forbidden City all the life it once sustained: a detachment of troops clattering through the night to seize a baby from his crib and place him on the throne; the Emperor's English tutor (Peter O'Toole) flapping through the streets on his bicycle; an Emperor and his bride (the lovely, fragile Joan Chen) overwhelmed by their huge wedding chamber; the great courtyard filled with wailing eunuchs, dismissed by their ruler; a tennis court, so strangely out of place in these precincts and vet the locale where Pu Yi hears that he has been deposed-all of this is Bertolucci at his effortless best, a man from whom unforgettable visual metaphors seem to flow of their own accord.

There are times when history fails Ber-tolucci, imposing on his story Pu Yi's conscious collaboration with the Japanese-a great black hole, morally and politically obscure, that threatens to swallow up the movie. Yet the director's eye remains preternaturally alert. He almost redeems the film's long middle passage with a scene showing the Emperor crooning Am I Blue? for his courtiers in exile. And the film's concluding sequence, so clear, so inevitable, should not be spoiled by discussion. Very simply. Bertolucci has found an elegance of design and execution that few of his contemporaries could even dream of. One can almost see him running through the Forbidden City, his imagination fevered by its splendor, his ambitions running high, as Pu Yi's never did. He is the movie epic's last emperor. - By Richard Schickel

Off the Cliff

HOUSEKEEPING

Directed and Written by Bill Forsyth

41 ever apologize, never explain.

That ancient macho motto may be the only bit of traditional wisdom socitish Filmanker Bill Forsyth believes in. The glory of his wee pictures (Gregory's Girl. Local Hero) is the way people appear out of nowhere, disappear without warring, and never local series in the word on one has heard of Freud, are, however, and prepared for fifes little surprises.

Take Ruth and Lucille (Sara Walker and Andrea Burchill), the teenagers at the center of this adaptation of Marilynne Robinson's novel. One day in the 1950s their mother carefully deposits them with her hometown relatives in Fingerbone. Idaho. Then, with equal punctiliousness, she pays some boys to give her car a push so that she can sail off a cliff in it. Her suicide is shot in a way that provokes the biggest laugh in Housekeeping, a movie that is not as funny as some Forsyth fans will claim, but sturdy and rich. All the girls' guardians turn out to be too old for the job. so their Aunt Sylvie (Christine Lahti) is summoned home from her wanderings to take up the task.

She is, of course, sweetly, soberly mad. She fills the house with her collections of newspapers and tin cans, carries crackers around in case she runs into a woodland sprite, gets a kick out of it when the house is flooded, and is obviously an unfit step-parent. The outraged townsfolk, with their passion for convention, soon influence Lucille, the younger, staider of the girls. Ruth is made of sterner, that is dreamier, driftier, stuff. Like Sylvie. Like Bill Forsyth. Not that he would ever pass judgment on the choices the women ultimately make. Or ask for an explanation. All he proposes is that if you lean in close to some people, you will hear the faint, possibly edifying beat of a different drummer.



Sylvie does the housekeeping

Well prepared for life's little surprises

Theater



paring intellect suspended in adolescence; like Snow White, Jacobi ponders a poisoned at

Ingenuousness and Genius

BREAKING THE CODE by Hugh Whitemore

The title of Hugh Whitemore's elegant and poignant biographical play contains at least four layers of meaning. Taken together, they explain what intrigued Whitemore in the life of Alan Turing, an obscure if influential British mathematician. The most obvious reference is to Turing's cracking the Nazi Enigma code. credited by Winston Churchill as a key intelligence feat of World War II. Confronted with an enemy that could change its code in a trice, almost infinitely and randomly, via a complex encrypting machine, Turing outwitted the device by building a sort of early computer. A second allusion is to the code of moral orthodoxy, which Turing violated by his homosexuality. He compounded that transgression by disregarding the Oxbridge gentleman's code of discretion. While homosexual colleagues retained their posts because they did not flaunt their preferences-some went so far as to marry-Turing disdained convention Eventually he collided with the code

of criminal law. Innocently mentioning his liaisons to a policeman while reporting a burglary at his home, he abruptly found himself transformed from victim to accused criminal. In a Britain that had not yet legalized homosexual relations between consenting adults, the resulting trial cost him his reputation, his work, even his masculinity: to repress Turing's sexual urges, a judge ordered him treated with female hormones. He was subsisting on university research in 1954 when, in a bizarre echo of a favorite movie, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, he killed himself by eating an apple soaked with cyanide

Although a chronological account of Turing's life might make a solid socialproblem drama, Whitemore and Lead Actor Derek Jacobi, who shared in the play's conception, plainly wanted something beyond gay-rights advocacy. In successive productions they have focused ever more on the intellectual insights that made Turing unique without losing either his eccentricity or his humanity. The complex structure of flashbacks and flash forwards, monologues and dreamlike incidents is meant to convey something of the flavor and psychological sources of his genius. Much like Mozart in Amadeus, this sophisticated thinker seems suspended emotionally in adolescence. As Turing, Jacobi speaks beautifully, zealously, of his passion for science but stutters and splutters when meeting other people. All the energy of his psyche seems to have gone inward. He remains romantically fixated on a long-dead schoolmate who is a living. palpable presence in the play. In Jacobi's haunted portraval, giggly boyishness not only coexists with soaring intellect but is essential to it: learning to live within the codes of adulthood would shut down this man's wonder and imagination.

Jacobi, a Shakespearean best known in the U.S. for the title role in the PBS mini-series I, Claudius, again employs fidgety mannerisms. But Turing emerges distinctly in his fierce, futile independence. Although joined by fine, mostly British actors-Jenny Agutter, Michael Gough and Rachel Gurney among them-Jacobi gives what approximates a masterly one-man show. In a brilliantly calibrated scene near the end, he makes Turing's happiest moment also serve as a sad metaphor for his yearning, and inability, to communicate. He enfolds himself in the arms of a Greek youth, neither able to speak the other's language. Embraced, contented, he is still alone with his -By William A. Henry III thoughts.

Essav

Charles Krauthammer

The Ginsburg Test: Bad Logic

Did FD.R. have a drink during Prohibition? (He did.) Douglas Ginsburg, nominated for the Supreme Court, did to the Supreme

Polls or no polls, the fact is that marijuana use can jeopardize one's chance for high office. We are stuck with the Ginsburg test, so we might as well

think it through.

▶ Is marijuana use wrong? Most of the penitents who have rushed to confess to smoking dope have agreed that it is. "It was a mistake, said Babbitt. "I wish I hadn't," said Gore. "I hope that the young people of this country, including my own daughters, will learn from my mistake," said Ginsburg, withdrawing. Conversely, Columnist Tom Wicker, in a biting critique of the phony moralism and "sudden piety" of Ginsburg's attackers, felt compelled to preface his remarks about marijuana smokers by assuring his readers that "I am not now and never have been one of them." An odd credential to flash. It undermines Wicker's premise that in the conduct of public affairs (which includes public debate) one's marijuana history is an irrelevancy.

In the '70s the hysterically antimarijuana film Reefer Madness was a camp classic to be mocked by stoned viewers at the midnight show in the local art house. The Zeitgeist of that generation is now wildly reversed. Public figures who used pot at that time express regret for the transgression. Political survival demands that they not offend the new cultural norm. Marijuana use now carries a moral Jain's.

solm, sariquana use now carries a moral transcription. When you want to be a possible to be

liarly narrow way to approach the question.

And not just narrow, but unconvincing. What if it had turned out that Ginsburg smoked dope only on camping

trips to Alaska, where marijuana possession for private use is, under state law, entirely legal? Would Ginsburg still be a candidate for the Supreme Court? Not a chance.

• Ginsburg's marijanan use was greeted with revulsion not because of its ligitality, but because of its precived intrinsic moral faint. Even without law, it is something that demands contrition. Myll Because, to summarize much that head he said on the subject, it is a decadent, nihilistic, frivolous giving over of one's consciousness and self-control to the pleasures of a waking stupor. Fine. But any moral reasoning that lead you to call immoral that kind of self-surrender must lead you to conclude the same about drinking, which can get you to a stretch of Lethe-land right next door to marijanan's.

This is not to imply, as pot propagandists do, that mariana should be legalized. If you were inventing a new society,

perhaps. You might prefer the intoxicant of choice to be marijuana, since alcohol can be more physically damaging and addicting. But such considerations are irrelevant to deciding what society ought to do about marijuana today. We are not inventing a new society. There is such a thing as history. We have millenniums of experience with alcohol. It is ineradicably part of our culture. The question today is not Will it be alcohol or marijuana? The only relevant question is Will it be alcohol and marijuana? Do we need to legitimize more intoxicants?

The answer is no. Which is why it makes sense for society to discourage marijuana use. Not because it is immoral—it is no more so than alcohol—but because it is destructive and society has the right to legislate self-protection.

ways. First, you can't learn on marijuana air destructive in two ways. First, you can't learn on marijuana, and marijuana autracts the young. It kills their time, robs their attention and stunts their development. Use it often enough in your teen years, and you get to adulthood having lost crucial months, years, of emotional and intellectual growth. Second, marijuana is a gateway to harder drugs, the stuff like cocaine and heroin that can destroy people in very short order.

What, then, to do about the use of a substance that is not intrinsically immoral but that society wants to discourage because of its potential for harm? We have muddled through to a fairly good compromise: make the use illegal, but be extremely circumspect about enforcing the law. Illegality is important to prevent the predictably vast increase in use that would occur if you could get a pack of Acapulco Gold out of the machine that now gives you Kools. And non-prosecution is important because you don't persecute people for behavior that you find impossible to argue is morally wrong.

➤ Which makes the Ginsburg test so hard to justify. Did a few encounters with marijuan really make him morally unif for the Supreme Court? Six out of ten Americans born in the '980 and '680 tried pot by age 25. A test that has the potential for disqualifying almost two-thirds of the population from high public service needs a compelling logic. The Ginsburg test doesn't have one. That won't save poor Ginsburg. But it might save a few others down the road.



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